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The Critic

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Some Froude Letters

BACK IN THE SEVENTIES, when I was an undergraduate at Cornell University, James Anthony Froude delivered at that institution a series of lectures on the Irish Question. At the end of the course, we students serenaded him, and he good-naturedly responded with a speech, in which occurred this phrase:—"In England, we would make such a man as Ezra Cornell Prime Minister." I happened to be directly behind Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Cornell when this high compliment was paid to the founder of the University, and noticed that not a muscle of his plain face moved, though the wife looked up at her husband with a pleased smile. It was probably the relating of this little anecdote, and my having applauded the lectures and the speech, that brought about my limited relations with the historian and gave rise to a brief correspondence with him during the closing years of his life, from which correspondence the following extracts are selected.

Having had occasion to request an essay from him for a publication of which I was one of the editors, he answered:—

"The articles of the Church of England say that 'the condition of man after the fall of Adam is such that he cannot of his own strength turn and prepare himself towards faith and looking upon God.' How this may be I do not know, or what the fall of Adam has to do with it. But the condition of a poor man who has seventy years on his back is certainly such that he cannot, after publishing a book, straightway turn and prepare himself towards writing letters in periodicals, however excellent,—or indeed towards writing anything at all. I have nothing to say and therefore can say nothing. You must forgive me this time. Bye and bye, perhaps, the springs may begin to run again. At present they are dry as sand in summer. I suppose you sent Freeman's contributions under a separate cover. The postmaster of Salcombe must be studying them. They have not reached me, but will doubtless arrive in time."

In the summer of 1888 I asked him for a paper on republicanism. He replied as follows:—

"Thirty years ago I should have answered your request with a hearty 'yes,' and have done what I could for a cause I then believed in. Belief, however, implies hope, and old men, unless they are exceptional immortals, like Victor Hugo, have none. Perhaps I should not say 'none' so absolutely. But old eyes are more on the far-off horizon than on the immediate present,—and for myself I prefer to look on. So far as I can judge, the characteristics of modern mankind, French, English or American, are levity and selfishness, and out of these qualities you cannot build up republics. The function of Radicalism in these days I conceive to be the burning up of rubbish. The grass will spring again bye and bye out of the ashes. But the burning process is disagreeable to me, however I may see it to be inevitable. The grass will not grow in my time, nor can we guess what sort of grass it may be. I have dropped out of all political circles, taking no interest in any of them. I am contented to know that all sorts of people of whom I know nothing are working vigorously in their different ways. Out of their various efforts the future will bye and bye evolve itself. But of that future I can prophesy only that it will be very different from what any of us expect."

In the summer of 1888, a well-known French critic published, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, an article on Froude and his works. This explains the following passage from a letter written in September of that year:—

"M. Filon has taken a great deal of trouble about me and tells me many things about myself and my history which I was not aware of. It is well to know, however, what strangers think of one and he seems to bear me no particular malice. I infer him to be a true believer in the holy Catholic faith and I am therefore the more beholden to him that he thinks no worse of me than he appears to do. M. Filon is strangely misinformed in thinking that Carlyle proposed to the late Emperor to educate the Prince Imperial for him. He saw Louis Napoleon once before the *coup d'état*, but I

shall be more than astonished to learn that he held any communication with him afterwards."

This same letter contains a paragraph concerning the "Memoirs" of General Cluseret, who was for a time a member of the Paris Commune, and who became acquainted with Froude when the latter was editor of *Fraser's Magazine*. Cluseret had written him concerning an English edition of the "Memoirs," and received through me the following answer:—"Cluseret's book perplexes me. I cannot undertake to find a translator for it. The present state of society may be as rotten as he thinks it is and may be all going to the devil. But if the devil is to come for it in the shape of dynamite and the massacre of the *bourgeoisie*, which he seems to recommend, I hope I shall be in another place before the visitation takes effect." To an invitation to write some newspaper letters, he replied in September 1890:—

"Your proposal has a certain temptation for me. The uncertain state of my health makes it impossible for me to make engagements in which I am to be bound as to time. But to write occasional letters when I have something to say and feel able to say it, may not be impossible for me. But I must ask you first to explain to me the name and nature of the journal in which the letters are to appear. I have no special politics. We are all going down stream,—Liberals and Conservatives pulling on two opposite sides of the boat, but both in the same direction. But there are certain sympathies, social and spiritual, which determine when and where we are willing to take a turn at the oars."

"I have heard nothing of Cluseret for several years. I see his name from time to time and am always interested in him. I conceive, however, that as there is no longer any real opposition to the general drift of things, the age of violent revolution is over or at least suspended. Cluseret, in the last book of his I read, seemed to have no hope of good from anything else, and therefore I have not cared to think particularly of what he recommends. Convey my good wishes to him if you have an opportunity."

Lippincott's Magazine for May 1891 contained, in an article entitled "Some Familiar Letters of Horace Greeley," these two letters from the founder of *The Tribune*, dated respectively March 13 and 28, 1872:—

"You ask me as to a history of England since 1700. I think Lord Mahon's comes next in point of time to Macaulay's, but it is too stately and political. Yet I wish you would procure the first volume of Froude and taste it. I read nothing but periodicals, and know very little; but I once took up Froude and read its best chapter—a picture of English every-day life under Henry VIII., say about A.D. 1500—and it delighted me. I tried to do something like it in the first chapter of my 'American Conflict,' but fell miserably short, for want of time and study and genius. If you read that chapter, you will not stop there but read more. I guess Elizabeth was never dealt with severely enough till brave Froude took her in hand; while he is even too hard on Mary Queen of Scots, demon though she was. I write from hasty snatches here and there, mainly in extracts given in reviews, but I feel sure that Froude will interest you. The first chapter assures me that he knows what history means."

"You are right in not choosing to revive the fearful memories of the late war; but sometime you will read Froude—at least the opening chapter—and then I want you to read the first chapter also of my 'Conflict,' so as to mark the difference between the work of a great historian and that of a little one. (I could have done better if I had not been hurried.) The fact that I never looked into Froude till eight years after my Volume I. was finished will emphasize the coincidence in the scope and drift of the two chapters. But mine was dictated at a single sitting; his, I judge, was slowly elaborated, as it should have been. It is the best chapter of history that I ever read."

I enclosed these extracts in my next letter to Froude, who thus referred to them a few days later:—

"Horace Greeley's letters amuse and surprise me. I am quite

aware that the chapter which he speaks of contains truth. But he is the last person whom I could have expected to have found it out, in the storm of contempt and denunciation with which it was received in England. I suppose it was written pretty fast. I do not recollect. But it contains the result of years of varied reading. I am now curious to see Mr. Greeley's book, which I have hitherto never looked into. I knew him only by reputation, by his public speeches and by the scenes at New York on the day of his funeral, which I can never forget."

A little more than a year ago, a few days after the assassination of President Carnot, which event was evidently in Froude's mind when he wrote, I received this letter from him; and it was the last, for he was taken ill shortly afterwards:—

"I am interested in what you tell me about Cluseret. He used to write to me sometimes. I should like to hear what he thinks about the present phase of the revolution. My own opinion has long been that we are drifting towards military government again. I mean all of us—France, England and America, too. Constitutional governments are too weak to deal with daggers and dynamite. Your own people lynch the niggers for fear the courts should be too gentle with them. Carlyle said to me in 1871: 'The people are saying to the upper classes: "If you cannot mend this accursed state of society, by God we will destroy it, and you and ourselves, too, and so make an end." Society does not mean to be destroyed just yet, and if free institutions are in the way, will end them first. If Cluseret can spare me half an hour, I should value much a few more words from him.'"

THEODORE STANTON.

Literature

"The Amazing Marriage"

By George Meredith. Charles Scribner's Sons.

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH's genuine talents and knowledge of human nature entitle him to respectful treatment. Were it otherwise, the censure he so richly deserves for his affectation and obscurity would be tinged with disdain. For these posturings and oracular speeches are the tricks of a charlatan; and one marvels that a writer of Mr. Meredith's powers should stoop to employ them. In "The Amazing Marriage" these faults of style obtrude themselves on every page. Mr. Meredith is so anxious that none of his ingenious and acute observations shall escape notice, that he affects the spasmodic emphasis of a vain actor straining for "points." He cannot open his mouth, but out there flies a trope; he seems to say with Holofernes, "This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, resolutions." To follow his fantastic leaps and flights without losing the thread of the story is like watching the three rings of a modern circus. Fatigued, the reader sighs for a little plain English, and mentally invokes a plague upon all quipsters and metaphor-mongers. To be sure, Mr. Henry James remarks that "all reflection is affectation," and makes Gabriel Nash declare:—"That's always the charge against a personal manner; if you have any at all, people think you have too much." But manner is one thing, mannerisms are another; and if Mr. James would rewrite "The Amazing Marriage," we should have a perfect illustration of the difference between the two. A French translation of the work would serve a similar purpose, in exposing the violence and extravagance of the author's rhetoric.

"The Amazing Marriage" is primarily a study of the morbid effect of arbitrary power. Lord Fleetwood reminds one of certain of the Roman emperors, who, naturally amiable and of good principles, developed traits of moral or mental insanity, and became sullen tyrants or doting self-worshippers. Fleetwood is a well-meaning man, with some sense of honor and a vein of semi-pure generosity, but of essentially feeble character. Unconscious of his own weakness, he attempts to play the despot, but his violence defeats itself, while his unsteadiness of mind and purpose is betrayed in his frequent vacillations. He prides himself on keeping his word, though he resents being held to a promise

—an inconsistency which becomes the source of many woes, "The Amazing Marriage" among them. In a fit of caprice engendered by spleen, he offers his hand to a simple-hearted girl, who accepts it in good faith, surmising nothing of the young man's frivolity. Pressure is put on Fleetwood; he keeps his promise after a fashion, marries Carinthia, and promptly abandons her, leaving the poor girl at a country inn, with a single attendant, and destitute of money. Subjected in turn to utter neglect and unmanly persecution, Carinthia, though naturally trusting and patient, hardens her heart against this amazing husband, whom the story leaves, wounded in conscience and self-esteem, in the last refuge of life's failures—a monastery.

If the novel has no foundation in fact, the gaps in the narrative are inexcusable. But we infer that it has a basis of tradition; indeed, the character of Lord Fleetwood can hardly be a product of the author's imagination. In spite of his shocking lapses from gentlemanly conduct, Fleetwood has qualities which make it impossible to despise him wholly. A noticeable trait, which is also a national one, is a certain moderation—or call it justice,—which does not entirely forsake him in his most perverse moods. Carinthia is treated more sketchily, and the other personages need not detain us. There is the inevitable maxim-spouter, without whom a novel signed by Meredith would be deemed apocryphal. Perhaps it is this aphorizing faculty which has given the author his reputation. And yet it is not difficult to make aphorisms; Polonius could vent them by the dozen. Mr. George Meredith's name has at length become familiar to many readers who are not of his disciples. Young ladies no longer ask whether he is related to "Owen Meredith." Will he ever be really popular with the wider circle to whom Hardy and Stevenson appeal? Not, we think, unless he learns to consume his own smoke.

"Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott"

Selected and Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Andrew Lang. Macmillan & Co.

THESE TWO VOLUMES contain "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," "The Bridal of Triermain," "The Lady of the Lake," "Rokeby," and "The Lord of the Isles," with a goodly collection of the lyrics and ballads, including the best of those from the novels. The introduction of twenty-five pages is in Mr. Lang's happier vein. The Notes are selected and condensed from the standard editions. The one marked defect in the books is the text, which retains all the misprints and corruptions that Lockhart copied from the earlier editions, besides adding at least as many of his own. These disfigured every issue of the poems, whether collected or published separately, until the appearance of the complete Boston edition prepared by Dr. Rolfe in 1887. The value of his work has been recognized by Prof. Minto in the Clarendon Press "Lady of the Lake" (1891), as by other editors and critics in Scotland and England; but Mr. Lang seems not to know of it. He tells us, in his preface, that he follows "the text of the late Mr. Minto's edition"; but it must be one published before that careful scholar had become acquainted with Rolfe's revised text. In 1891, in the volume just mentioned, Minto says:—"Mr. Rolfe pointed out that various misprints * * * had crept into the Author's Edition, and he weeded these out carefully by collating the text with the editions of 1810 and 1821." Some of these misprints, uncorrected by Mr. Lang, render the text absolutely nonsensical; as, for instance, in "The Lady of the Lake," ii 30, where Roderick is made to say, "I meant not all my heart might say." It is amazing that this should have been printed, in all editions, for more than half a century, and that one commentator at least (in an English school edition) should even have attempted to explain it, notwithstanding its palpable absurdity. Scott wrote "heart" (excitement). There are scores of these corruptions in this one poem. The first stanza of the second canto of "Marmion" was never printed

correctly until Dr. Rolfe noted that in the first (1808) edition Scott overlooked the substitution of a period for a comma at the end of the fifth line, thus asserting that the "breeze," instead of the "smoke" from the cannon, "rolled" round Norham castle, which no wind except a cyclone was ever guilty of doing. Lockhart is responsible for such corruptions (ii. 24) as "They knew not how, nor [and] knew not where" (Scott, with all his archaisms, never used double negatives), and the ungrammatical (v. 8) "For royal was [were] his garb and mien." These also are in the Lang reprint. In "Rokeby" it has these venerable sophistications: "His guest the while laid low [slow] aside" (i. 6), "Then plunged him from [in] his gloomy train" (iii. 10), etc. In "The Bridal of Triermain," it perpetuates the nonsensical "Our peace [pace] in Virtue's toilsome way" (ii. 3), and many little inaccuracies which we will not enumerate here. In "The Lord of the Isles," it gives the unintelligible "To Cambuskenneth straight ye [he] pass" (vi. 37), etc. It is a pity that these otherwise unexceptionable volumes should be marred by textual errors that were corrected in a standard American edition eight years ago, and in most of the foreign editions that have appeared in the last three or four years. And the books are printed in Edinburgh!

"Notes in Japan"

Written and Illustrated by Alfred Parsons. Harper & Bros.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Parsons's Notes, with their illustrative accompaniment, have already appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, it would have been a loss to people who have libraries, and who love fine books, not to have had both pictures and text in permanent form. Our American artist went to the land of the wistaria and the lespedeza, not to see the latest jim-cracks of fashion or the latest murdering tools, but to behold the beauty that is eternal. His modesty with the pen is as pronounced and commendable as are his ability with the brush and his power to behold. He got very close to nature and to the people, and it is very evident that they got close to him. But his good nature survived both the superabundance of humanity around his easel and the vast and unceasing industry of the vermin which thronged Japanese air, earth and sea. Persecuted in one city by flying creatures that bite and sting, he fled to another, where, on the mats and in the sand, others bored, pinched and devoured. Even when he plunged into the night-sea for relief, the jelly fishes furnished him with a bath of nettles. Nevertheless, he painted, packed and unpacked, tramped and climbed, and saw nature in all her moods. The consequence is a unique book, full of charm and delight, and in some respects unapproachable. Who has reproduced the Nara cherry blossoms, the blooms of Yoshino, the hydrangeas of Totsuka like Mr. Parsons? Not merely photographic and imitative, like Wores, Mr. Parsons, though he is no imitator of the native artist, imparts to his pictures that marvellous softness and delicacy, which those who paint on silk instead of canvas can and do transfer from the reality of nature to the limitations of art.

Beautiful as were these pictures on the magazine page, they are here nearly doubled in beauty and truth. The reviewer wonders, though, whether, after all, those who have not been in Japan can fully appreciate Mr. Parsons's faithfulness to nature, while he is yet loyal to his own canons of art. It would be hard to make invidious comparison, or to select the best where so many illustrations are so good. But whether it be because of the power of our own sunny memories, or otherwise, the pictures on pages 110 and 111 are to our eyes the best among the smaller ones. That of the autumn grass on page 215 is one of compelling charm, especially when we consider the difficulties of the subject. Especially felicitous are the pictures of foliage, blossoms and tree life with Japan's temple architecture and decorations as a background. One who enters into the spirit of these pictures will easily understand why the Japanese seem so often

extravagant in their praises of their beautiful land. Patriotism has very deep springs and very long and strong roots in the land where the soldier's cheer is "Banzai" ("ten thousand generations!"). The book treats of spring, early summer, lotus time, Fuji mountain, and autumn; an addition tells of various wanderings, and with an apostrophe to Jizo-sama, the patron of travelers and guardian of children, this sweet reminder of the flowery land ends.

"The History of 'Punch'"

By M. H. Spielmann. With Numerous Illustrations. Cassell Pub. Co.

THE QUESTION, "Who invented Punch?"—not the liquid refreshment so called, nor the immortal though immoral puppet of the name, but the more or less comic weekly that has been for so long the chief repository of John Bull's wit and humor,—that question, at one time, seemed as insoluble as that other about the authorship of the Letters called of Junius. But now comes Mr. Spielmann, who in his very first chapter clears away forever the mystery that has enveloped the paper's birth. After four years of investigation, during which his correspondents, he says, have been numbered by hundreds, it turned out that *Punch's* pater was neither Mark Lemon nor Henry Mayhew, nor—last and least—Mr. Printer Last, but one Ebenezer Landells of Red Lion Court. Mr. Landells was a wood-engraver, draughtsman and newspaper projector, with, judging from the portrait printed by Mr. Spielmann, a good deal of the comic actor in his mobile mouth and twinkling eye. The success of the Paris *Charivari* had set an idea buzzing in his brain, that a similar venture might succeed in London: It is true that much the same idea had already occurred to Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold, Laman Blanchard, Percival Leigh, Kenny Meadows, John Leech and others, simultaneously or not, and had been so far carried towards realization that whole pages of text had been set up. But this, as Mr. Spielmann suggests, has nothing to do with the case. The scheme of this London *Charivari* fell through when Thackeray mistakenly suggested that each of the projectors might be held responsible for the debts incurred by the others.

But "Daddy Landells," otherwise known as "Old Toochoit-Oop," mentioned his scheme to Last, the printer, who introduced him and his project to Henry Mayhew, solicitor. Mr. Mayhew communicated it to his room-fellow, Postans, and Postans posted off to Mark Lemon's "rooms" in Newcastle Street, Mark being then a "not half bad" dabbler in verse and the lighter drama, and a not very successful keeper of a small tavern. Here and at similar places the meetings were held which determined the birth, form and composition of *Punch*. Mr. Spielmann gives in facsimile the first draft of the prospectus in Lemon's hand, intimating that "this guffawgraph is intended to form a refuge for destitute wit, an asylum for the thousands of orphan jokes, the superannuated Joe Millers, the millions of perishing puns," which, it is customary to say, have since profited by the hospitality of its pages. Having set *Punch* up again, and given credit where credit is due, Mr. Spielmann goes on in the same painstaking way to set before us previously undiscovered facts concerning the comic youngster's early progress and vicissitudes. *Punch* was, it appears, at first as impecunious and nearly as vulgar as Mr. Pennell's protégée, *Ally Sloper*. But he soon found financial aid, made an enormous success of his first almanac, and dined his contributors on "whistling oysters" and "high spirits." *Punch*, as a politician, has always been aggressive; his influence on dress and fashion has been, we are told, for the best, though it is possible that Mrs. *Punch*, who at first openly superintended the fashion department, ought to be credited with these triumphs.

The chapter on *Punch's* jokes is rather dismal reading, leading us to imagine that no such thing as an original joke is to be had for love or money; that, in fact, humanity has long since passed through its jocular period. But the chapters on "Cartoons and Cartoonists" reassure us a little, and

the further chapters on *Punch's* "wars." We return to sad and solemn facts in the accounts of *Punch's* engraving and printing department, his bills and receipts. The illustrations are mostly portraits of the writers, artists, business-managers, engravers and printers of *Punch*, with only such reproductions of his comic cuts as may serve a serious purpose. In short, the book is a serious one all through, matter for the future historian of Victorian society rather than for the living reader to laugh over. But the latter may expect to find, here and there, something to make the corners of his mouth curl upwards.

A New Edition of John Burroughs

The Complete Works of John Burroughs. 9 vols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THERE ARE lovers of nature by profession, and lovers of nature by birth, and it is in the latter category that we would place John Burroughs. He is, himself, part of the nature he describes, and a very considerable part at that: like a clear water mirroring what lies about it, he is a part that may be said to contain the whole. Compared with him, Thoreau is as one of the lower wild animals, occupied with woods and mountains because he had undertaken to get a living for body and soul out of them. Thoreau cannot be said to have loved, or sympathised with, any creature, neither the woodchuck whose meat he was after, nor the farmer whom he delighted to puzzle with conundrums about the cost of living, nor the Indian whom, a century ago, he would have slain on sight. Burroughs is much more humane; he brings to the forest the soul of a civilized man, and his reader has in him a guide to things of the fields, brimming over with information and *bonhomie*.

It is now nearly a quarter of a century, he writes in his introduction to this new Riverside Edition of his work, since his first book, "Wake-Robin," was published. How many have had their senses brightened up and opened to natural sights and sounds by that book? He was then, as we see by Mr. Bicknell's etched portrait, which serves as frontispiece to this volume in the new edition, a young man of about five-and-twenty, a Government clerk at Washington. But little work, he says, has gone to the making of that or of any of his other books. In the summer he has gone a-fishing, or canoeing, or camping, and, winter come, what had entered in at the eye came forth from the pen-point. This has always been the case. To the born writer, it is a pleasure to write. Long ago, Lafontaine, when questioned about such matters said:—"Voici un figuier; et moi, je suis un fablier." "Wake-Robin" was written with the iron wall of a bank vault for sole outlook. But it had been lived during all the years of his boyhood.

"Winter Sunshine" was mostly written at the same desk; but since 1873 he has written under the shade of his own vines and oaks overlooking the broad Hudson. Still, in winter, the scene is sufficiently like the iron wall to put him to his best. He does not "take liberties with facts; facts are the flora" upon which he lives. But they certainly take the liberty of arranging themselves in new ways in his brain. The reader, who after some chapters of Burroughs expects to find what he has found in a stroll along Esopus Creek, or a camping party in the North Woods, is very liable to be disappointed. But let him, as he goes along, turn back to some view that has struck his fancy; though it be but a few yards and nothing changed in the scene, it will no longer make the same impression. In a moment his imagination has added to or taken away from the actual visible contents of the place. He has unconsciously been romancing to himself about it. So with Burroughs, exact observer as he is and learned in the 'ologies, some phrase from a poet, or some personal memory, will creep in and transform the description from a dry, scientific, to a literary one. And we must remember that all literature is fiction. Burroughs's characters are the pert wren, the bluebird "with the earth-

tinge on his breast and the sky-tinge on his back," the pastoral bees, and Reynard, who seems to thrive in spite of the dogs and guns and traps of civilization. The birds are his favorites, but we know of no better bit of biographical writing than his chapter on "The Fox" in "Winter Sunshine"; and he almost makes plant-life sentient and conscious in his essays on "Strawberries" and "Among the Wild-Flowers."

This new edition, complete up to the present, is one of the most beautiful specimens of modern book-making. The clear text is set in a well-proportioned page, with margins neither too narrow nor too large. The dark-green cover, with a spray of ranunculus in gold, is a pleasure to the eye, and the etched frontispieces and vignettes are really charming. They show us views on the Pepacton River, on an Adirondack lake, the author's study overgrown with leaves, New England orchards, country roads and pine groves, and include several portraits of Mr. Burroughs. The artists, to whom much credit is due, are Messrs. Sidney L. Smith, Charles H. Woodbury and W. H. W. Bicknell.

"The Secret of an Empire"

Vol. II. Napoleon III. Trans. from the French of Pierre de Lano, by Helen Hunt Johnson. With portrait. Dodd, Mead & Co.

WHEN NAPOLEON III. was at the height of his power and all around him were obsequious in their adulation, Bismarck, then in Paris as the representative of Prussia, spoke of him as "a great unrecognized incapacity." M. de Lano undertakes to prove that he was a man of destiny, and greatly misunderstood. As an historical criticism this book is very weak, although it is gossiping and occasionally interesting. M. de Lano treats Napoleon as a hero of romance, before whom, he says, all other romantic heroes fade into insignificance. He asks, "Was not Prince Louis Napoleon thrust upon history with the opportuneness of some legendary creation, whose career is immediately fixed, irredeemably determined?" How can this be said of the man who so determinately fixed his eye upon the Imperial purple, who made attempt after attempt to declare himself Emperor—who, elected to the Presidency by the people, was false to his oath of office, and by a successful stroke placed himself on the throne of France? M. de Lano defends this terrible Second of December: because it was successful, he dignifies it with the name of "revolution." It was a conspiracy against the republic which Napoleon had sworn to protect; he gave the order, and the troops mowed down the people on the boulevards and terrified Paris into submission.

In the author's opinion the Empress Eugénie should be held responsible for many of Napoleon's mistakes. The tragedy of Mexico, where Napoleon thought to enhance his glory by planting a French monarchy upon American soil, was caused, according to this authority, by the influence of the Empress and Princess Metternich. When the enterprise failed, and Napoleon left Maximilian to his fate, he refused all Carlotta's pleas for her husband, though she begged the Emperor on her knees to save his life. M. de Lano gives a most minute account of an interview between the unhappy woman and the Emperor; but, as only these two appear to have been present, one is curious as to the source of his information. Some of the sketches of the politicians of that period are quite readable, among them one of Prince Napoleon, whom the author depicts as a brilliant, attractive character, though unpopular. We are not told of the treatment of his young wife, the daughter of King Emmanuel, who, influenced by Cavour, sacrificed herself to Italy, in marrying Prince Napoleon. M. de Lano is singularly loose in his writing. A Frenchman does not often express himself in so involved a manner. "Ce n'est pas clair, ce n'est pas Français," is a French proverb. M. de Lano gives these words of Rouher, the President of the Senate, at the close of the session:—"Messieurs," said he in a tone of irony, which betrayed, however, startling ignorance, 'Messieurs, we will discuss this question to-morrow.' Having pro-

nounced these words, which have gone down to history, which have in them a certain ring of greatness, and which are among those which history regards with pride," etc. It would be difficult to discover what history finds to regard with pride in these words, or what ignorance a tone of irony can betray. Again, he says of the same statesman that "History, scornful of vain enthusiasms and of party exaggerations, accords but one luminous ray in that firmament of suns where is reflected the genius of those who have travelled over the earth and who, like flashing meteors, or else in the calm course of their orbits, have crossed the path of humanity." The luminous ray is no more of a puzzle than is the "calm course of their orbits." His illustrations, too, are peculiar. He writes of a voice that "became like a swarm of enraged hornets escaped from their hive"; and in his sketch of Jules Favre, he outdoes himself:—"He turned toward the graveyard, where he found in misery and in the agony of death, thought and liberty. He descended into the grave where they lay not quite motionless, gnawed by the worms of oblivion; and taking in his arms what remained of the two bodies, he cast them one fatal day on the steps of the imperial throne." But it is quite conceivable that the translator has not done justice to the text.

M. de Lano gives us, at the end of his book, a last look at Napoleon, which is not calculated to change him in the eyes of posterity. He says:—"Those who dared henceforth look out on the frontiers of France, saw there but one lonely shadow, the Emperor Napoleon III., bending under his load of sorrow, a shadow so small and so pitiable, that it appeared smaller and more pitiable than the shadows of those beggars who weep along the wayside."

"Annals of Westminster Abbey"

By E. T. Bradley (Mrs. A. Murray Smith), with 150 illustrations by H. M. Paget and W. Hatherell, a Preface by Dean Bradley, and a Chapter on the Abbey Burslings by J. P. Micklethwaite. D. Appleton & Co.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY is the most famous and interesting church in Great Britain, if not in the whole world. It is the one example of a great national mausoleum, and this gives it a renown and a fascination beyond its architectural grandeur and beauty. It is, as Macaulay has called it, "the silent meeting-place of the great dead of eight centuries, * * * the great temple of silence and reconciliation, where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried."

Not a few books have been written about the Abbey, to say nothing of countless minor tributes in prose and verse scattered through centuries of English literature; but for historical completeness and accuracy, as well as for typographical and artistic finish and tastefulness, the present volume must bear away the palm. It is an elegant quarto of four hundred pages, compiled by the daughter of the present Dean, who himself vouches "for the careful study of which it is the result, and for the pains which have been taken to secure the advice and assistance of those who are specially qualified to give guidance and information." The plan and aim of the work differ from those of Dean Stanley's "Memorials" and other books on the Abbey. It attempts to give, "in a continuous and compendious form, a chronological record of the history of the Abbey, under the guardianship of abbots and monks or of deans and canons, from the days of the last of the Anglo-Saxon kings to the present year."

An opening chapter gives the prehistoric or legendary annals of the building, going back to the year 616, when Sebert, King of the East Saxons, is said to have founded on this site a church which he dedicated to St. Peter, and which that Apostle formally consecrated on the night before the ordinary ceremony was to be performed. A host of angels miraculously appeared, and held candles to light Peter as he went through the appropriate rites, while, during the service, other angels were seen ascending and descending, as in Jacob's vision. A fisherman beheld this, and reported it to

the priests when they came next morning to consecrate the church. In proof of his story he pointed out the crosses inscribed on the doors, the traces of the holy water and oil used in the supernatural ceremony, and "the droppings of the angelic candles." That settled all doubts as to the accomplishment of the work, and the bishop did not deem it necessary to do it over again. Later, when Edward the Confessor had been released from the vow of a pilgrimage to Rome on condition of founding or restoring a church in honor of St. Peter, that same Apostle appeared again, "bright and beautiful, like to a clerk," to an old hermit near Worcester, and bade him tell the king that the church to which he must devote himself was no other than the ancient minster on the Isle of Thorney, as the locality was then called. If anybody doubts *this* story, we can only refer him to the picture of the Saint and the hermit (evidently from a photograph) on page 5 of the veracious volume before us.

The real annals of the Abbey begin in 1049, and form a most strange and eventful history. All the more important occurrences therein are narrated most graphically by our author, and many of them also set before us in the pictorial illustrations, which bear evidence of careful study into the costume and other accessories of the various periods represented. The architectural illustrations are mostly limited to views of monuments, chapels, and the minor features of the Abbey. There is no general view of the exterior or the interior, which have been delineated again and again in former works, and are so familiar that it was unnecessary to repeat them here. Their place is very well supplied by these many interesting bits of monumental, sculptural and other detail, few of which have been sketched before.

It is pleasant to know that Wren was not solely responsible for the bad western towers, which unfortunately have not gone to ruin and demanded rebuilding, like the work he did on the north transept front, which has been happily restored to its original Early English form. Sir Christopher died before the towers were begun, leaving only a design for them which was afterwards greatly modified. His pupil Hawksmore, who had charge of the work after his death, also died a year later, and the towers were finished under the superintendence of John James, a well-known architect of the day. They might, however, have been worse if built by Wren, who was incapable of true Gothic.

The supplementary chapter, by Mr. Micklethwaite, who is a fellow of the Society of Architects, is a scholarly architectural history of the Abbey buildings from the earliest times, with three excellent ground-plans showing the earlier and later structures, with varied shadings to indicate the date of each portion. A triple-columned index of five quarto pages forms a valuable appendage to the volume.

"Westminster Abbey"

and the Cathedrals of England. Philadelphia: John C. Winston & Co.

THIS BOOK CONTAINS some hundreds of half-tone pictures of the more famous English cathedrals, many of them being of architectural and sculptural details. The selection has been well made for the purpose of bringing out the particular features of each building. Of Westminster Abbey we have a view from the river, one from the Dean's yard, grassy and shaded with thick-foliated trees, engravings of the monuments to Shakespeare, Mary Queen of Scots, Sir Isaac Newton, and the whole of the Poets' Corner; views of Henry VIII's chapel with its filigree bays and flying buttresses, and of the coronation chair with its funny lions and barbaric stone of fate. There are several views from near and far of the stately dome of St. Paul's, its gloomy interior and vulgar altar. In the article on Canterbury are pictures of the little old St. Martin's Church, its old Norman font and the stone chair called Saint Augustine's, besides several of the huge cathedral. Of York Minster we have the "Five Sisters," windows of which Dickens has written the legend; of Durham, a picturesque view from the Wear; Lincoln Cathedral towers above the High Street of the town; and Winchester's gables shine between the dark yew-

trees. Salisbury, and Chester with its modern mosaics, complete the list of cathedrals. The text, largely historical, is from the pens of Canon Farrar, Dean Milman, Dean Stanley and other well-known ecclesiastics, and a special feature of the volume is a number of short biographical sketches, accompanied by portraits, of dignitaries, living and recently deceased. The cover bears a Gothic design in gold.

"Stambuloff"

By A. Hulme Beaman, F. Warr & Co.

THE THIRD NUMBER in the international series on Public Men of To-day is primarily a study of Stambuloff; but, inasmuch as the life of that statesman was so intimately connected with the national life of Bulgaria, his biography, as here written, becomes almost a history of the birth and growth of the principality itself. It is not, however, a full and complete history of Bulgaria, special prominence being given to those periods wherein Stambuloff played a leading part. Only such details concerning other periods are added as enable the reader to follow the story intelligently. Books of this kind are often so commonplace that the reviewer finds no little satisfaction in coming upon one that is of unusual merit; and students of the last quarter-century in southeastern Europe ought to see special reasons for being interested in this volume. Besides being more than a record of M. Stambuloff as a man, the book is written by one who knows how to put this sort of thing together well. The style is direct, pleasing and not bookish. There was a story of real, everyday life to tell, and good, strong, everyday language was used to tell it. Then "the story, as it is told in these pages, has been almost entirely taken by word of mouth from the lips of those who were, and are, principally concerned."

For many years Mr. Beaman knew personally and more or less intimately Stambuloff, Zankoff, Grékoff, Karaveloff, Petkoff and all the other leading politicians and officers. The view throughout is very much in favor of Stambuloff and his policy, but with this caution, that it is not so much hearty approval of both as hearty condemnation of his successors and their methods. The impression given by a careful reading is that the author has striven to give an impartial estimate of the relative merits and responsibilities of the Bulgarian statesman and his opponents. The personal descriptions scattered here and there, together with the virile postscript on the murder of the great leader and the reasons therefor, help especially to leave a decided impression.

"Russian Fairy Tales"

From the *Shaski of Polevoi*. By R. Nisbet Bain. Illus. by C. M. Gere. Chicago: Way & Williams.

TAUSTING A Russian fairy-tale is like tasting some new and exquisite flavor hitherto unknown to the intellectual palate. It is a flavor compounded of strange and delightful things, in which the element of familiarity is almost totally absent. However intimate may be our fancied knowledge of the ingredients, they are mixed in a way absolutely original, and they result in an effect as unique as that produced by Tartar architecture or Gypsy cuisine. How different, for example, is a Slav Cinderella, or a Little-Russian Red Riding-Hood, from a German *Aschenbrödel* or the *Rothkäppchen* of Grimm, or the bubble-like elves that Andersen blew all iridescent out of his wonderful pipe! Different, distinct, national, wide as the world apart they are, and yet always identifiable from the universal human heart that throbs even in the most improbable fairy-tale.

All this comes out capitably in Mr. Bain's charming renderings into English of the Russian *Shaski* or *Märchen*, which Polevoi, the eminent historian, archaeologist and Shakespearean scholar, selected from the large stores of folk-lore collected by Afanasiev, the Russian Asbjörnson. This gold mine of fun and fancy first sparkled in the eyes of the English public twenty years ago, when Ralston, the accomplished introducer of Russian folk-lore, first called attention to it in his famous "Russian Folk Tales." The editor Polevoi took Afanasiev, and worked over thirty or forty of his rough stories into nursery-tales, distinguished for their naïveté, simplicity and charm, and brimming with eccentric imagination and fantastic phraseology. With equal felicity Mr. Bain, to whom we already owe so much in this field, has seized and transformed these tiny Russian goblins into true English angels of light, and has presented the Christmas-hunter with a stocking-full of laughing, singing, shouting and most poetical sprites, excelling all we have ever seen or read in prankishness and oddity. What child can help dreaming delicious Christmas dreams over

"The Golden Mountain," "The Flying Ship," "The Little Fool Ivan," "The Bright Falcon," or "The Prophetic Dream"? We envy the little shaver that has to whet his teeth for the first time on such a wonderful dream-hone as this.

"Autobiography of an English Gamekeeper"

By John Wilkins of Stanstead, Essex. 3rd ed. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

TO THOSE WHO are interested in game and the sportsmanlike methods of its pursuit, John Wilkins's story of his life will prove most entertaining, and to him who has the care and management of a well-trained dog, the book will prove exceedingly instructive. The author's vivid descriptions of encounters with poachers are like the best of the good things in an outdoor novel, and it is evident that every man with whom he had to deal made a strong impression, for the characteristics of each individual described stand out strongly. Mr. Wilkins could give points to many a writer of fiction. The natural history of protected game is but briefly touched upon, but there is much about dogs, and we are won by Mr. Wilkins's advocacy, in training young dogs, of the exercise of patience and kindness. He does not consider the dog worth training that must be thrashed into obedience, and he is right. We do not always find that books are written by those who possess literary skill, but here is an instance where a man who lays no claim to scholarship produces a most readable volume. He has something to say, and says it in that delightfully frank, straightforward manner that makes the reader feel as if he were at his home, listening to the rambling reminiscences of the old man. It is stated on the title-page that the author had two accomplished sportsmen to edit his autobiography, but theirs was a light task. They wisely let well enough alone. In fact, they admit as much in the preface, which we overlooked until we had reached the end of the volume, and, turning to the front, wished we had the pleasure of reading the book over again.

"Two Years on the Alabama"

By Arthur Sinclair, Lieut. C. S. N. Lee & Shepard.

SO LONG AGO does it seem since the Confederate commerce-destroyer went down, that the sight of the stars and bars stamped on the Confederate-gray cover of this book awakes no feelings beyond those of curiosity. Captain Semmes's account of his work during the famous cruise was official and, while exceedingly valuable as history, it is not especially popular reading. Various newspaper and magazine articles have appeared, detailing the story in whole or in part. The Century Co.'s "War Book" contains much that is from first-hand; and who shall ever forget the amazingly spirited, graphic but spurious account of the great insurance-company swindler who also "took in" the editors of *The Century Magazine*, foisting upon them what he professed to have seen from the decks of the Alabama? Here, however, we have the story of life on deck and below told by one who was on the ship from the time she changed her name from "No. 290" to the Alabama, until she sank from sight under the shells of the Kearsarge just beyond the French neutral line. The Alabama sailed 75,000 miles, burned fifty-seven vessels, examined hundreds of others that were neutral, and released many others on ransom. For two years she preyed upon "the enemy's" commerce, setting her pursuers at defiance and practically wiping the American flag, except upon war-vessels, off the sea. Her brand-new guns and shells quickly sank the sheet-iron boat called the Hatteras. She played fast and loose, unconsciously, with the Wyoming.

Captain Semmes had peremptory orders not to engage, except under dire necessity, any one of "the enemy's" vessels, whatever its size or strength, but to use all his powers to the utmost as a commerce-destroyer, and this he did. Rereading the story, at this distance of over thirty years, it is hard to find fault with this Confederate man-of-war that was sent on a particular mission, which it grandly fulfilled. To call the ship a "pirate" is simply to confuse the facts. It is very creditable to the author that the tone of his writing is cool, judicial and impartial. He tells the story of the officers and crew, and how they were drilled into a fighting unit. Kell was the executive officer. Low, the fourth lieutenant, who saved the Alabama from foundering when struck by the cyclone, was of the Royal British Naval Reserve. All the other watch officers of the Alabama had seen service in the United States Navy. The first month was spent in transmuting the "Hobson's choice" of a crew into a body of naval soldiers. Then came the fun of chasing, seizing and playing at target-practice with captured ships, withal enjoying the frequent variation of

the spectacle of a fire at sea. Many a time the ocean was littered with plunder, and various were the cargoes confiscated. Guano was not of much value to them, but boots, clothing, watches, good provisions and coal were always acceptable. How handsomely they were treated by the British people all over the world, it is hardly pleasant to read, even to-day.

Lieut. Sinclair's story is one of lively detail; the various adventures and anecdotes are narrated mostly in the historical present tense. When he comes to recount the oft-told story of the great naval duel off Cherbourg, he lays the defeat of the Alabama to deterioration of powder. Like the Chinese, who went into the recent war with cartridges over twenty years old, so that many Japanese soldiers to-day wear as watch-charms the bullets which struck, but only thumped, them, so the Confederates used powder which he claims had lost its force. To the tremendous vigor of the Kearsarge's shells, and to the science and accuracy of the artillerists, especially of Lieut. G. M. Thornton, trained under Commodore Perry, the author bears clear and unmistakable testimony. Appendices give interesting details of the fight. There are various biographies of the officers, some of them coming down to date, and a complete list of the men serving on board, making altogether a volume of both popular and historical interest. Handsomely has the author, now rich in the "years that bring the philosophic mind," told his story from the less familiar side of a "cause" long ago "lost," and now almost forgotten.

Mr. Lang's New Books

1. *The Red True Story Book.* Edited by Andrew Lang. Illus. by Henry J. Ford. 2. *My Own Fairy Book.* By Andrew Lang. Illus. by Gordon Browne, T. Scott and E. A. Lemann. Longmans, Green & Co.

MR. LANG'S chromatic series of delightful books for our youngsters seems happily destined to multiply still further in the not distant future. After the Blue, Green, Red and Yellow Fairy Books we had "The Blue Poetry Book," and then came "The Blue True Story Book," starting us, it seems, on a series of five "Story Books" to match in color the "Fairy Books": this season, at least, brings us one bound in red (1). It opens with an account of "Wilson's Last Fight," by Rider Haggard, the subject of which is the destruction of a detachment of troops by Matabele warriors. Then follows the story of "The Life and Death of Joan the Maid," told by Mr. Lang, who contributes, also, "How the Bass Was Held for King James." Among the other contributors to the volume are Mrs. Lang, Mrs. McCunn, the Rev. W. C. Green, S. R. Crockett, May Kendall, Mrs. Bovill, Minnie Wright and Agnes Repplier. The "true stories" are taken from all ages and climes: Bayard and Gustavus Wassa, Prince Charles and Gen. Marbot, Pizarro and Australian explorers, the heroes of Icelandic sagas and Inez de Castro, are some of their heroes and heroines; and there are many accounts of seafarings and shipwrecks. Altogether, the volume will be devoured, not read, in that voracious way for which only boys seem to possess the required capacity.

Prince Ricardo of Pantouflia is not an utter stranger to us. In fact, he made his first appearance in the world of fairy-lore two years ago, and has since then enjoyed his full share of popularity. Far different from him in temper and tendencies was his father, Prince Prigio, the story of whose youth Mr. Lang tells in the fairy-book that is all his own (2). Prigio had a very clever mother who did not believe in fairies, and therefore did not invite them to her son's baptism; but they came uninvited, and gave many good gifts to the child, and one bad one—they made him too clever. Prigio discovered in time that the seven-league boots and the cap of darkness were not vain superstitions, but, being so supremely clever, he made original use of them. The story that closes this volume, "The Gold of Fairnilee," it is hardly necessary to say, is Scotch.

Books for the Young

ANOTHER OF Mrs. Molesworth's charming stories for children is called "The Carved Lions." It presents life from the children's aspect in a very interesting manner. It is only English parents who could go off to the colonies, even if their material welfare should apparently be dependent upon it, and leave two little children, a boy and a girl, in boarding-school, and at the tender mercies of teachers, until their return. The boy, of course, can fight his own battles, and does: it is with the trials of the little girl that we are chiefly occupied. Her experiences in school, with both teachers and scholars, are what her mother might have expected them to be, and they are related in a manner which shows what keen and discriminating insight into human nature, old and young, Mrs. Molesworth possesses. The child is desperate at last, and,

not knowing how else to end her troubles, wanders away alone one evening at twilight, and takes refuge in a shop where her mother has often taken her before. In this shop are two carved lions in which she and her brother have always taken friendly delight. It seems to her at once that she is at home again and, with a sigh of contentment, she drops asleep to find on awakening that her troubles are over. (Macmillan & Co.)—"DOROTHY AND ANTON," by A. G. Plympton, is rather a sweet, but certainly a very simple, little child's story. It is in Berlin that Dorothy hears her old friend, the Judge, tell of his great sorrow in the loss of his sister, who had married many years before against his will, and had never been heard of since. It is also in Berlin that Dorothy finds little Anton with his violin under his arm and his soul filled with the music that comes to him straight from his German ancestors. What Dorothy does to make the Judge and little Anton happy is well calculated to appeal to the hearts of the little ones who read this volume. (Roberts Bros.)

IN "Great Men's Sons" Mr. Elbridge S. Brooks tells about the sons of their fathers from the time of Socrates to that of Napoleon, who they were, what they did and how they turned out. The author says that his book is not intended as an argument for or against the disputed doctrine of heredity, but, as he has been obliged to make "a careful hunt" to discover anything about several of his heroes, it would appear that genius is not hereditary. The illustrations have been selected from various sources. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—"SINBAD THE SAILOR" and "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" have been selected for illustration by Messrs. William Strang and J. B. Clark, who have pictured sultans in white turbans with slaves with black faces, white minarets with black cypresses, black waters with white foam, white horses with black saddle-cloths, white glaciers with black fir-trees, and in every ingenious way made blots of ink and blank spaces do duty for tints and colors. The text used is that of Lane's translation of "Sinbad," and the Rev. Jonathan Scott's of "Ali Baba." The binding is in buff, with pictures in black. (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"CHUMLEY'S POST" was an interesting place to be in, just to one side of a Pawnee trail, and of all the interesting things that happened in and about it, not one is passed over or slightly treated by William O. Stoddard, who has written the story of this "post" and its proprietor, who, when he took pen in hand, spelled his name Cholmondeley. Give Mr. Stoddard a band of Indians, a troop of cavalry and a few civilians of both sexes, and you may rest assured that there is no one living who better knows what to do with them. Plots, ambushes, surprises, mysterious appearances and disappearances follow one another with lightning-like rapidity and as naturally as the links of a chain, and the conclusion leaves little or nothing to be desired. He has this time got together a larger company than usual, and an even greater variety of talent. Red Beauty is a whole Buffalo Bill's show concentrated in one delightful old rascal. Mr. Chumley shoots like a gatling-gun fired and loaded by magic. There are desperadoes and pretty girls, lovers and savages, a dog and a parrot, and each knows his or her business thoroughly, which is to keep the reader's nerves a-tingling—and does it, too. The illustrations, by Charles H. Stephens, are all but as exciting as the text, and there is a very stylish Indian in all his war toggery on the cover. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

IN "ELF-ERRANT," by Moira O'Neill, we have the thrilling story of a little English elf who somehow got over to Ireland between the leaves of a Shakespeare, just at the place in "The Tempest" when Ariel sings, "Where the bee sucks, there suck I." No sooner does he drop out of this mellifluous quotation, than all sorts of marvellous adventures befall him among the leafy currant-bushes and the real warlike bees of the Emerald Isle. These are recounted in poetical language fortified by W. E. F. Britten's graceful pictures in black-and-white, and many chapters enshrined in broad margins are required to tell them. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)—"THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF DOGS AND CATS" contains several large pictures in colors from originals by Frederick J. Boston, who has everything about setters and spaniels, pugs, bull-dogs and kittens of Malta, Angola and Persia, at the point of his brush. And not far behind him is Mrs. Elizabeth S. Tucker, who expresses what she knows on the subject in verse, prose and pictures all at once. Between them they fill a large, luxurious and delightful volume in an illuminated cover of blue and grey. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

CAPT. CHARLES YOUNG'S "The Last of the Vikings" is described on the title-page as a book for boys, while in the preface the author claims, modestly enough, to have attempted to make of it a fairly accurate historical romance. There can probably be little question as to his success in the attempt, for he seems to have made a diligent study of the authorities on his period, both the obvious and the little-known. But the very care which he has taken to support his historical statements has, we fear, rendered the book less likely to be acceptable to the average boy. Freeman's "Norman Conquest" would hardly come under the head of a book for boys, and references to it incorporated in the text are calculated to interfere with that directness of action which juvenile readers are wont to desiderate. There are scenes here and there of a kind to delight the youthful heart; Harold's encounter with the wolves (for Harold Hadrada is the hero of the book), or his mighty duel with the lion, are described with force and vividness, and the action ranges from Constantinople to England; but a large proportion of the story is of a sober and unromantic cast likely to discourage any boy without a pronounced taste for history. For those who have such a taste, the book would be useful, encouraging it by an admixture of imagination with a solid quantum of fact. (Macmillan & Co.)

Fiction

THE INGENUOUS AUTHOR OF "The Time Machine," Mr. H. G. Wells, has in his new book, "The Wonderful Visit," applied his ingenuity and fancy in satirising gently, but none the less effectively, the English rural community of to-day. The angelic visitor, who, against his will, comes within the sphere of mundane influences at Sidderton and is brought down by the vicar's shotgun, has a very unpleasant time of it during his enforced stay with that worthy. The dogs yelp at him, the small boys stone him, the village doctor, who has been reading Nordau, tells him he is a maitoid with a curious avian reduplication of the anterior limbs, the curate's wife fancies that he is an abandoned female, and the great lady of the parish that he is the vicar's illegitimate son, wherefore she congratulates that blameless ecclesiastic on this evidence of a wild and undignified youth. Worse follows when the angel shows himself careless of the rights of property and, like Mr. Howells's Traveller from Altruria, unable to distinguish between gentlefolk and common people. There was, probably, nothing to do with him but to kill him; but Mr. Wells might have found a more appropriate end for him than to burn him up along with the vicar's stuffed birds. On its imaginative side Mr. Wells's work reminds us not a little of Mr. George MacDonald's, but the Scottish author is incapable of creating a character so simple and so humorous as that of the vicar; and in blending the high-fantastical with the comic and the matter-of-fact the new writer stands alone. (Macmillan & Co.)

THOSE WHO, undeterred by the memory of the strange people who appeared in Iota's "A Yellow Aster," or by the unfortunate title of "A Comedy in Spasms," pursue their researches in the latter book, will find a considerable amount of pleasure between its covers. "Why spasms?" one of Mr. Stevenson's people might say, "in Heaven's name, why spasms?" We cannot answer the question. We were continually expecting to see the heroine, like the Baker of renown, "as if stung by a spasm, plunge into a chasm," but we came finally to the conclusion that it was a "blessed word," as comforting in its way as Mesopotamia, and meaning about as much. But the book, apart from the title, is fresh and light for reading. One is not altogether surprised to find a recurrence of the old "Marriage a Failure" theme, but it is treated this time in a natural and human way. There is a woman who (for an original variation) did not, because the man would not; but before she comes to that point she is very interesting and attractive through nearly the whole of the book. The voyage home from Australia, in the company of the excellent man whom she married, and the superexcellent man whom she ought to have married, is very well told. (We may call the attention of the author, by the way, to the fact that the P. & O. steamers do not take a Channel pilot on the homeward voyage, though they do drop one going out, which has probably misled her.) The tragedy of the two young people who find the original obstacles to their marriage vanish only when it is too late and a new one has been set up, is so true to the way things happen in this queer world that it will touch many hearts; and the conclusion of the story, in which all the three in whom we have grown so interested are left to live it out, is also, unhappy though

it be for them, both true and artistic. This book seems to us to mark a decided advance in power, and we shall have some curiosity to see whether it is maintained. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

IN "Lady Bonnie's Experiment," Mr. Tighe Hopkins gives the rein once more to his whimsical imagination, with the happy result of producing a very readable little book. The opening situation, in which the hero gravely sets forth the whole plot of a forthcoming melodrama to a complete stranger as the history of his own life, is decidedly original; while his further acquaintance with the independent but charming eponymous heroine is productive of very amusing experiences. He visits her place as an authority on landscape gardening, and is thus brought into contact with another delightful girl, Lady Bonnie's secretary, whom it is his pleasant destiny to marry in the event. The last scene, in which, amid romantic surroundings, the Experiment takes place—nothing less than the reproduction of a mediæval "court of love,"—is full of delicious satire, working up to a climax in the unexpected entrance of Lord Bonville himself, the mild antiquary, who delivers an exhaustive lecture (only indicated, however, not reported in full) on the history of the subject, with marked effect upon the audience. The book is a not unworthy member of a class of stories (particularly grateful after too many novels of tendency) of which "The Wrong Box" is the most typical specimen, and in which the most absurd and extravagant adventures happen to people who talk like the rest of us and are supposed to act under the same limitations which surround ourselves. (Henry Holt & Co.)

JAMES L. FORD is the author of some clever "Hypnotic Tales" and an amusing skit called "The Literary Shop." The reputation made by these two books has induced him to write what he, or his publisher, is pleased to call a novel. "Dolly Dillenbeck" is its title, and Dolly (or T. Adolphus) Dillenbeck, is its hero. He is a young man with \$500,000 "to burn," to quote the language of his biographer, and he burns it in a very short time. The place where the bonfire takes place is known to newspaper readers as "the tenderloin district" of this big city. It is along upper Broadway and the streets that branch west from that end of New York's famous thoroughfare. Mr. Ford did not have to draw very heavily upon his imagination to write this story. It is simply the recital of the adventures of a brainless boy, who falls into the hands of sharpers that pander to his weaknesses and end by bringing about his ruin. This little tragedy, or comedy, if you like, is being enacted in New York every day of the year. Callow youths who have been left with money by their hard-working, thrifty fathers think that they are great men if they are known for their little day or night as "high-rollers," "wine openers" and the like. That their so-called friends are merely parasites they do not discover until it is too late. Mr. Ford has used certain men who are known in the cafés and about the theatres of upper Broadway to lend local color to his tale. That he calls them General Whiffletree and Judge Doolittle, does not conceal their identity. Even the name of "Billy" Freelance cannot disguise the original from whom the portrait was sketched. (G. H. Richmond & Co.)

WE MUST CONFESS that "A Wedding, and Other Stories," by Julien Gordon, is the sort of book which inspires us with regret. There is no lack of a certain kind of power in the conception of situations, rising even to a considerable height of pathos in "Conquered," the story which we like best, but marred throughout by trivial faults that are constantly setting the teeth on edge and spoiling one's enjoyment, as mosquitoes can make one unfit to appreciate even the most beautiful landscape. The social indications of "A First Flight" are especially distressing. That a woman of breeding and position is represented as speaking of her husband as "Hatch" is only one specimen out of a large number which we could collect, if space allowed. The introduction of an English peer as Earl of Brownlow—an actual Earl Brownlow being a well-known man,—is hardly the thing, though the legitimate holder of the title would perhaps not recognize himself under the endearing diminutive of "Brownie," given him by ladies with whom he has only a slight acquaintance; while the picture of the aforesaid peer sitting on a table with his bride, a few hours after their elopement, consuming (of all combinations!) buttered toast and lemonade, is enough to give one an indigestion. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)—"MISS JERRY," Alexander Black's picture-play, has been published in book-form, with a

number of the illustrations used in its production. The story is bright and amusing, and the pictures chosen are fairly representative of the work as a whole. To those who have seen the play, the little book will be an interesting souvenir; while those to whom the picture-play is still an unknown form of amusement may through it obtain a clear idea of what it is. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

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DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL recklessly mixes his metaphors as well as his "Prose and Verse" in "Philip Vernon," a tale of the time of good Queen Bess. "The crows were many in the land, and knew how to pull the lambskins well around them"; which, we presume, made it more comfortable for the crows. But when Dr. Mitchell goes on to tell us that "one of these wolves, of a summer morning, walked," etc., it takes us some time to discover that these "wolves" and these "crows" are the same, and that both are neither more nor less than monks in disguise. While this particular crow in sheep's clothing wickedly walks, "halting a little" in front of the Vernon Arms, a "gentle" with "a good leg" yawns and stretches himself, whereupon his vulpine companion, who is not "bright red English," but a totally different sort of wolf, tells himself in verse that soon he shall stretch his sturdy limbs, which is just what we have been told that said "gallant in blue with yellow points" was doing at the time. But the young gallant, remarking that he is weary of his unused self, calls for two mugs of ale—no, "tankards"—and overturns one of them, as chance (or Dr. Mitchell) would have it, in the wrong direction. The tale improves as it proceeds, but suffers throughout from the frequent changes from verse to prose, and from the narrative to the dramatic form. (The Century Co.)

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IN JAMES WELSH'S "A White Baby," peculiar racial conditions are presented with considerable dramatic power and originality; in fact, the originality of the presentation is too marked, for the conditions could not have existed in South Carolina at the time named—a few years after the Civil War. The locality chosen for the little drama is a village on the Ashley River, a few miles from Charleston, peopled by a motley collection of Negroes. Their minister, the Rev. Abram White, worked hard during the week, and preached eloquently on Sunday. He is portrayed as a gigantic and muscular Christian of twenty-five, with a seamed and aged face and a scarred back, the result of the days of his slavery. The reader cannot help wondering why he had been so horribly treated, for a faithful Negro of herculean strength had a great financial value in the slave-holding community. Lou Adams, a greatly gifted Negro girl of eighteen, was filling the office of schoolteacher at Pine Open, as a pure labor of love, earning her living as a laundress. She and Abram lack the characteristic African finish, which is recognized in a moment in a creation like "Uncle Remus." Of course, they fell in love with each other, and everybody in Pine Open approved of the match, except one malicious yellow woman, the "Widder Wyning." The prosperous keeper of a grocery-store, she lacked but one thing to be satisfied with life—the affection of the coal-black parson. Sorely disappointed in her love, she married for pique, on the day of his wedding, an obliging white sailor. In the course of time Lou and the ex-widow were blessed with a baby each. The vengeful wife of the sailor, on revenge intent, exchanged her own white infant for Lou's black one, but truth, love and virtue prevailed in the end. The closing scene is strong and pathetic, but hardly seems to belong to this story. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

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"THERE HAS BEEN so much said and so well said, that on the whole I won't occupy the time," was the answer Dr. E. E. Hale's "Double" was instructed to give to all invitations to make a speech. Could there be a fitter motto for eight-tenths of the authors of to-day? We especially recommend it, just now, to the man who from nothing has brought forth nothing, and called it "Vanna." It is supposed to be a novel, but, whatever its intent, it is one of the most pointless, insipid books it has ever been our bad fortune to read. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—IF ONE HAD never read "Ships that Pass," the tales contained in "The Little Plain Woman and Others" might pass. But the very unfortunate resemblance (we will not call it by a stronger name) between them and Miss Harraden's work makes it impossible to enjoy them. All the characters in the book are mechanically related (but never by blood) to Little Brick and the Disagreeable Man—people of too marked peculiarities to be successfully repeated, even coincidentally, which we hope is the case in this book, which is by

Lilian Street. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—"TOLD ON THE PAGODA," by Mimosa, is a book of quite another stamp. It has the strong Oriental flavor looked for in tales and fables of Burmah. The impression left by the book is weirdly sad, especially so in the haunting tale of Mah May, which stirs one's missionary pulses over much, if he cannot obey their throbbing call. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

* * *

DAINTIEST OF BOOKLETS, in generous stamped-leather binding, is "A Madeira Party," a sketch and a story by "the chief ornament of the medical profession in America," as Edinburgh University has lately dubbed Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. The habits and love of Philadelphia gourmets as imparted to a neophyte just initiated to one of their mystic rites, could find no better chronicler than Dr. Mitchell, who adds to his many other accomplishments the art of dining-out, to the pleasure of his friends and the solace of his stomach. Few are left in this age-end who drink Madeira, and it is fitting, before the contents of the last cobwebbed bottle are drained, that all the world should learn by such authority as Dr. Mitchell's that Madeira was an American discovery. (The Century Co.)—"LEIGHTON COURT," in one volume, has been added to the tasteful reprint of Henry Kingsley's novels which we have repeatedly commended. It is a tale of English life, and, though less skillfully constructed than some of its predecessors, contains much striking characterization set forth in the author's manly, straightforward style. For spirited narrative and graphic description he is not inferior to his more famous brother, who perhaps owes his greater reputation as a novelist to his brilliant achievements in other fields of literature. Henry wrote nothing of importance except in fiction, and it was his misfortune to follow Charles in that line of authorship and to meet the usual fate of younger brothers who are supposed to be attempting to rival the successes of their elders. In time, however, they may come to be estimated impartially, and the simultaneous publication of two reprints of Henry Kingsley's novels indicates that he is now getting the long-delayed laurels he deserves. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

* * *

THE SUB-TITLE OF "Cherryfield Hall," by F. H. Balfour—"An Episode in the Career of an Adventuress"—prepares us for much mysterious plotting and counter-plotting, nor are we so far disappointed. The adventuress, however, who bears the repulsive name of Jorkaway, proves to be merely an old maid with a terrible propensity for prying into other people's affairs and discovering unsuspected mysteries, whereby she nearly gets certain really excellent people into trouble. All is satisfactorily cleared up, and the book ends happily, with wedding bells heard not far away. If Miss Jorkaway is slightly overdrawn, most of the other characters are good, and their "house-party" conversation not at all unpleasant. An awkward, clumsy youth who has his share in the complications is particularly refreshing at times, as when he speaks of the erudite Sir Thomas Crotchet as "a regular Cyclops—don't you know who Cyclops was? That old Greek philosopher who invented cyclopaedias, you know. They were named after him in consequence." (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—ARTHUR PATERSON'S "A Son of the Plains" is a story of the rough earlier days of New Mexico, when cattlemen and sheepmen waged frequent war, tempered by Indian raids and the operations of "road-agents." There is enough fighting in the book to make it very attractive to the ordinary boy, though it is not essentially a boys' book. The graphic descriptions of a kind of life very remote from our civilized experiences, and the delineation of the various temperaments of the chief actors, together with a fair amount of love-making not wholly unlike that of more favored regions, will make the book acceptable to older readers. (Macmillan & Co.)

* * *

"FORWARD HOUSE," by William Scoville Case, is told in a crisp style, and just misses possessing notable qualities. The plot turns on a father's misconception of the characters of his two sons, and the disastrous ending of their lives and those of others caused by this error. One son is wild and reckless, the other wily and underhand. It is the influence exerted by the latter on Col. Forward against the interests of the former that brings about the tragedy on the wild coast where stood Forward House in all its isolation. Mr. Case has told his tale with marked reserve, a fine firm touch and a distinct knowledge of dramatic effect. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)—IN "Corona of the Nantahalas" Louis Pendleton tells the story of an unsophisticated girl who lived in the North Carolina mountains, beyond human habitation, with a good, simple-minded couple that had found her as an infant in the woods

and saved her from destruction by shooting the madman who had brought her there only to kill himself and her. Corona grew up with no outward aid from civilization but the few Greek and Latin classics left her by the old schoolmaster who used to spend his summers with them, and the simple affection of the stupid, inarticulate natures with which fate had thrown her. The test of Corona's birthright of breeding and family comes when she meets men from the world who on their hunting-tours lose themselves in the mountains. It is the picturesque relationship between a perfectly untrained but naturally refined and charming girl who made her robes after Flaxman's designs of the Iliad and knew no higher social law than her own truthful feelings, and the cramped and perverted natures of the world, that has been the chief attraction to Mr. Pendleton in writing his romance. It is a subject that has perennial interest to writers, and one that has suffered an infinite number of developments, from the lively "Tempest" to the present day. (Merriam Co.)

A TRIFLE light as air, graceful and full of color, is Laura E. Richards's "Nautilus." There is poetry in this little story—the poetry of the South and of the tropic seas, the poetry of love and human kindness. The tale is well constructed and calculated to draw and hold the attention of young readers, as well as of their elders, for whom this story was principally written. Dull indeed must be the child that does not feel the sunshine in the strange, dark-skinned Captain's heart, nor enjoy the lamentations and self-esteem of the handsome Franci, so harmless notwithstanding his threats of violence to the gigantic Maine sailor, Rent. (Estes & Lauriat.)—"A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," by L. T. Meade, is one of those swiftly flowing tales that are not bound by any limit of reason or probability, but seek the food that nourishes excitement in whatever direction it may be found. An English lad, after finishing his university career, starts out in life with the devotion of a fatuous mother, the support of a soft-hearted father and the ardent admiration of three self-sacrificing sisters. In these unctuous circumstances it is not surprising that the young man's idea of himself differs considerably from that of others. The adventures he encounters, the fair women he befriends, the mysteries in their lives and in his own, the triumphs of injured innocence over loathly crime, the blandishments of fortune that are reserved for the particularly "elected" only, are all told in a style belonging to the penny-dreadful type of literature. (R. F. Fenno & Co.)—A LITTLE STORY for parents is called "A Bud Promise," by A. G. Plympton, and describes the disastrous results of a false and forcing pedagogical system. (Roberts Bros.)

"MASTER WILBERFORCE," by Rita, is called a "Study of a Boy." Consequently it may be inferred that the study is for the boy's parents. It has its lesson in the attempt to regulate the boy's life, at least to regulate his affections. The boy's father was a professor who knew less about actual boydom than the boy's mother, who was only a brainless woman with a soft heart. Between the theory of the one and the fondness of the other, the boy managed to grow up with a very distinct individuality and a deep love for a wild, passionate little waif of a maiden whom it seemed unsuitable for him to marry. It is the attempt to destroy this attachment—an attempt that succeeded in killing the girl and breaking the boy's spirit—which finally made the professor exclaim in bewilderment at his handiwork, "I believe in mothers." The story is told in terse, crisp English, and in a half-fanciful, half-satirical vein. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The December Magazines

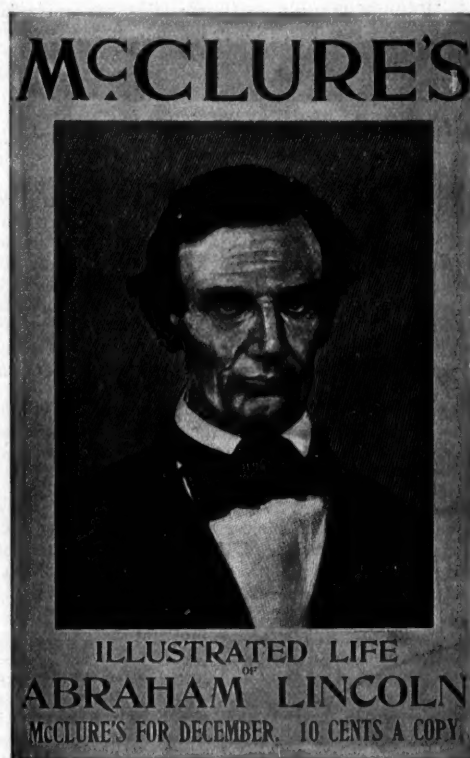
(Concluded from last week)
Magazine Notes

THE Christmas poem in the December *New England Magazine* is by Minna Irving; and the Rev. E. E. Hale writes of "Christmas Christianity." A story by the famous clergyman's son Robert Beverly, recently deceased, is also printed in this number. The rest of the contents is largely made up, as usual, of articles on New England, past and present. In fact, it begins to look as though no one who takes an interest in American history and antiquities can afford to overlook this magazine in making up his list of periodicals for the coming year, whether he be born in New England, the West or the South.

Besides its usual record of the Progress of the World, *The Review of Reviews*, this month, has leading articles on "The Cartoon in Politics: The Story of the New York Campaign in Outline," by Robert J. Finley; "John Sherman's Story of his own

Career: A Review of Forty Years in American Public Life," by E. B. Andrews; "The Venezuelan Question," by W. L. Scruggs; and "Mr. Herbert Spencer," by "One Who Knows Him." There is, also, a paper by Simon Po-ka-gon, entitled "An Indian on the Problems of his Race."

The frontispiece of *McClure's* for December, a portrait of Lincoln in 1858, has been used by the publisher as a poster, which is here reproduced. The portrait itself is from an ambrotype



taken in Pittsfield, 1 Oct. 1858, during the Lincoln and Douglas campaign, immediately after Lincoln had made a speech in the public square.

The December number of *The Land of Sunshine* contains a chapter of reminiscences by Jessie Benton Frémont, contributions by Grace Ellery Channing, Joaquin Miller, Charlotte Perkins Stetson; a paper on Coahuila dances and folk-songs (with the music), by D. P. Barrows; one by the editor, Charles F. Lummis, on some of the curiosities of our word-adoptions from Spanish-America, and other articles of interest. The magazine says editorially of *The Critic's* bicycle poem competition:—"The poems are among the best on the bicycle; but particularly serve, after all, to show how much better poetry is inspired by the horse."

Among the contents of the December *Midland Monthly* we notice an article on "Thomas Nast and His Work," by Leigh Leslie, and "Among the Chicago Writers," by Mary J. Reid. The latter paper contains sixteen portraits, of which that of Mr. Henry B. Fuller makes us feel sorry for that conscientious student of Chicago's social life.

The English Christmas Numbers

The Illustrated London News has on its Christmas cover the usual little flaxen-haired girl in red standing in the snow, with a spray of holly and mistletoe over her shoulder, and within its covers more pictures of ice and snow and mistletoe, and an apparition of Santa Claus, as we would call him, or Father Christmas as he is known in England, to a flock of black-faced sheep, their shepherd and his dog. The leading story is "The Great North Road," by the late Robert Louis Stevenson, which is followed by "The Luck of the Susan Bell," by Sir Walter Besant. The extra plates are a print in colors of "The Young Briton," being taught how to draw his sword by an old pensioner in scarlet, after a painting by Arthur J. Elsley; and a grisaille of a girl with a puppy, "Playfellows," after a drawing by Luke Fildes.

The Art Annual for 1895, which is the Christmas number of *The Art Journal*, is devoted to the work of Luke Fildes, one of the foremost of living illustrators and a clever artist in water-colors. The frontispiece is an effective etching, by Léon Salles, of Mr. Fildes's painting of "The Doctor"; and other full-page plates are an excellent line engraving, by C. Cousen, of "The Sweet River," with lovers in a boat gathering water-lilies, and a photogravure of "An Al Fresco Toilette" of Italian girls under a grape arbor. There are many other illustrations from sketches and drawings by the artist, and the text includes a readable account of his early experiences and a critical appreciation of his work as an illustrator.

The English edition of the Christmas number of the *Figaro Illustré* has a careful translation of Alphonse Daudet's charming story, "The Lighthouse on the Sanguinaires," with clever illustrations in colors showing the versatile author hobnobbing with his sailor friends. "A Christmas at Sea," by René de Pont-Jest, "The Fairy Surprise," by Gyp, and "Azrael," by Armand Silvestre, are also illustrated in colors, the fanciful designs to the last-mentioned story being by Albert Lynch. These color impressions are distinguished for harmony and delicacy of tone. A poem by Paul Bourget, "Nuits d'Été," set to music by Ch. Widor, is set, moreover, in an effective frame of landscape in grisaille, by Jules Adeline. Two large typogravures in colors, after paintings by Alonzo Perez and M. Outin, have for subjects travelling scenes of the end of the last century or the beginning of the present.

The cover of *The Graphic's* Christmas number is brilliant with snow, turkey gobblers and a young woman in red who is feeding them. Within is an East Indian tale, "Shufrât," from the brilliant pen of Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, with an excellent illustration in colors by W. Hatherell. The customary piece of mediæval foolery is a tale in verse of "The Outlandish Knight" and the mermaids, illustrated by W. Rallston. Rudyard Kipling's story, "The Devil and the Deep Sea," is illustrated by Frank Brangwyn, and Mr. I. Zangwill's "Joseph the Dreamer," by Solomon J. Solomon. These prints in colors show a marked improvement over those of previous years. The supplement includes a good colored engraving of Sir Joshua Reynolds's celebrated portrait of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, and her baby, and one of Miss Mary L. Gow's painting of Queen Victoria receiving Lord Conyngham and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Pears' Pictorial is devoted to a fancy for Christmas time, "The Haunted Man," illustrated with half-tone engravings after drawings by Charles Green, R. I. The "colored supplement" consists of large engravings in colors of "The Long Bill," a pictorial rebus in which the long bill of a stuffed stork directs attention to another long bill which its owner is perusing; "Suspense" of appetite on the part of dog and girl while the latter is saying grace, from "the last picture painted by the late celebrated C. Burton Barber"; and "Flowers of the East," human and other, together with fans and decorated crockery, after a decorative painting by W. S. Coleman.

The Lady's Pictorial has a cover like the panel of a last-century sleigh, with a picture of a pretty girl in furs leaving a crowd of skaters. Marie Corelli's "Three Wise Men of Gotham" and how they took to one boat with three unwise maidens is cleverly illustrated by Fred. Pegram. "The Disenchantment of Diana" with her poet Astel Verlaine is recounted by Ella Hepworth Dixon and pictured by Maurice Greiffenhagen; and there are a ghost story by Rhoda Broughton, a funny tale of "Mr. Welbeck's Experiences," by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, and a legend of "The Queen of Ruatava," by Clío Graves. The colored extra plate is from a painting by N. Sichel, representing a handsome girl robed in dark red and seated on a marble throne, who is indulging in "Day Dreams." (International News Co.)

THE entire edition of the December *Harper's Magazine*—an edition of unusual size—was exhausted immediately after publication. A second is coming from the press.

From *The Westminster Budget*:—"Circumstantial reports of Mr. du Maurier's arrangement for the publication of his next novel have been current through the year. The novel was completed early in the spring, but it is only within the last fortnight that it has been finally disposed of to Messrs. Harper. The *Daily News* understands that the price paid for the copyright is 10,000*l.* a sum identical, by the way, with what Mr. Disraeli was paid for 'Endymion.' Mr. du Maurier is now busy at work completing the drawings for the illustrations."

George Augustus Henry Sala

THE WELL-KNOWN journalist and novelist, who died at Brighton, England, on Dec. 8, was born in London in 1828, the son of a Portuguese father and of an English West Indian mother. He was educated to become an artist, but shortly after reaching his majority he turned to literature. Charles Dickens became his sponsor in the world of letters, and published a number of his pieces in *Household Words*. Mr. Sala became a voluminous and eminently readable contributor to the London press, was for some time editor of *The Welcome Guest*, and founded *Temple Bar*. During our Civil War he was the correspondent of the London *Daily News*, which he represented in the field, also, during the Franco-German war of 1870-71. For the same paper he visited Russia in 1876 and Australia nine years later. Besides an enormous amount of journalistic work (he wrote for many years the "Echoes of the Week" for *The Illustrated London News*, among other things), Mr. Sala produced a number of stories and novels, some of which enjoyed wide popularity.

The long list of his works includes "How I Tamed Mrs. Cruiser," "Twice Round the Clock," "A Journey Due North," "The Baddington Peerage," "Looking at Life," "Make Your Game," "Dutch Pictures, with Some Sketches in the Flemish Manner," "Accepted Addresses," "Ship Chandler," "The Two Prima Donnas," "Quite Alone" (published in this country as a serial in *Harper's Weekly*), "Captain Dangerous," "The Seven Sons of Mammon," "Wat Tyler, M. P." (a burlesque), "A Trip to Barbary," "Yankee Drolleries: American Humorists," "Charles Dickens," "Papers, Humorous and Pathetic," "Under the Sun: Essays written in Hot Countries," "Gaslight and Daylight," "The Story of the Comte de Chambord," "Living London," "Dead Men Tell No Tales," "Echoes of the Year 1883," "From Waterloo to the Peninsula," "Rome and Venice," "Under the Sun," "Paris Herself Again," "America in the Midst of War" (his war correspondence to the *Daily News*, with additions), "America Revisited" (1882), "A Journey Due South," "The Land of the Golden Fleece" (Australia), "Cookery in its Historical Aspects," and "The Life and Reminiscences of George Augustus Sala," a most entertaining autobiography. (See *The Critic* of 16 March.)

The Lounger

LOG-ROLLING is one thing; the "booming" of authors by their friends who have nothing to gain, is another; but there is still a third form of puffing, and it is the most offensive—that done by the authors themselves. I have had some strange experiences in personal booming, recently. Not long ago a man whom I had never seen before, and whose name, even, I did not know, called upon me, and asked me if I had ever reviewed certain articles of his that had appeared in a certain magazine. I said that I had neither seen nor reviewed them, and that, as the numbers of the magazine containing them were months old, it was hardly likely that they would be noticed now. "I'd like to have my articles reviewed," he said, "and, as you have not the numbers in which they appeared, I'll write the review for you." I suppose that my expression must have denoted surprise, for he said:—"I don't want to sign the notice, and, what's more, I won't charge you anything for it." My first impulse was to tell him what I thought of his proposition, but upon second thought I decided that he probably knew and did not care. He had a good deal to gain if I agreed to his proposition, and nothing to lose by my refusing it.

* * *

A SHORT TIME before that, a man called upon me, bearing a letter of introduction from a friend. He had a book with him. This, he said, was his first novel, and it was a very important matter to him to have it reviewed favorably. He flattered me by saying that my reviews were widely read, and that it would be of great pecuniary advantage to him if I would give his book a good notice. He seemed a well-intentioned young man, and I did not say all that I might have said to him; but I did hint that he had made a great mistake, and that he would do his book more harm than good if he continued to follow this plan for getting it noticed. A day or two ago, there was sent to me by a woman with whom I have no acquaintance, a letter asking for a notice of her book among those I considered "worthy of special mention," and enclosing a package of clippings from various papers concerning her and it. I read her letter, but did not read the clippings. I have got hardened to the latter, for she has been pursuing me with them for years. Now, I do not want to be unkind to these self-boomers, for I do not think that they always realize the bad taste of

their methods. Editors not only speak very sharply of their conduct, but it has just the opposite effect from what they anticipate. Modesty is a becoming quality in an author as well as in an ordinary human being. To those who have it not, I would say: "If you are determined to get yourself 'puffed,' let some friend work the bellows. Of course, he will be found out sooner or later, but you can throw the blame of it all on his shoulders and you may (*may*, I say) be spared some of the odium, but will none the less be regarded as a nuisance by reviewers of books, who will be more likely to let your works go unnoticed than to notice them."

* * *

A PROPHET is not without honor in his own country, if that country happens to be Pittsburg. Neither Mr. Carnegie, nor Mr. Westinghouse, nor other millionaires who have spent their



MR. JOHN W. ALEXANDER

money to adorn that city, have gone without their due meed of appreciation. Now comes Mr. John W. Alexander, who is a native of Pittsburg and has been making a fine name for himself both at home and abroad as a painter of portraits. It was a long time before Mr. Alexander's fellow-painters in New York acknowledged his ability—for what reason no one knows; but now, since all Paris has declared its admiration of his art, they have swung into line. Pittsburg has always been faithful to him, and has proved itself so by giving him a rousing reception and holding an exhibition of his pictures. The compliment is a graceful one, and it is deserved. No one appreciates it more than Mr. Alexander, who is the most modest of men. There is a rumor that these pictures will be exhibited in New York, and I hope that it may prove true.

* * *

DR. MAX NORDAU knows a good deal about degeneration, but I am afraid that he does not know much about women's dress. I dare say, however, from the unctious with which he describes it in his novel, "The Comedy of Sentiment," that he prides himself upon just such knowledge. Whenever he gets an opportunity, he describes the costume of the heroine, Frau Ehrwein. When the hero first saw her, "she wore a black lace scarf, framing her brow and cheeks—an unusual head-covering for ladies in Germany, while traveling, which gave her appearance a somewhat foreign air, and therefore made it still more impressive. As the scarf was pushed a little awry, her shining, reddish-fair hair, naturally curly, and lightly covered with gold-powder, became visible." This was in 1884, a time when gold-powder on a lady's hair was unknown. Evidently Herr Nordau knew that it was once the fashion, but had failed to notice that it was no longer used, and had not been for years. Again, he describes what he evidently regards as a "smart" costume:—"Her delicate figure, of middle height, was buttoned into a close-fitting Scotch-plaid jacket, with numerous pilgrim collars; and she wore on her head a little dark bead bonnet, *à la* Marie Stuart, which admirably set off her shining hair and pale face."

* * *

BUT THE MOST AMUSING and impossible costume is the ball dress of Frau Ehrwein:—"She wore a ruby silk dress, cut low in the front and the back, and trimmed with gold and pearl embroidery and cream-colored lace; a necklace of Egyptian scarabei set in gold, a ruby ornament in the form of the Egyptian winged disk of the sun in her gold-powdered hair; pale yellow, gold-embroidered gloves, reaching midway up her arms; a gold girdle, from which hung, by a long gold chain, a large red satin fan with an old ivory

lace edge and gold sticks set with rubies; and below the edge of her dress appeared her little feet in gold-embroidered red satin shoes. She looked like a duchess who had honored a plebeian ball with her presence." I will not deny her resemblance to a duchess, for duchesses, particularly dowagers, are famous for the eccentricity of their costumes. Gold-powder seems to be to Dr. Nordau what swan's-down was to Mrs. Burnett in her earlier novels, and the crackle of starched petticoats to the late Prof. Boyesen.

* * *

AT THE Educational Alliance Fair, now being held at the Madison Square Garden, I saw an interesting large-paper copy of "Authors at Home," a series of sketches reprinted from *The Critic* and published by the Cassell Pub. Co. Mrs. Alfred Meyer, who is interested in the literary department of the Fair, has "extra-illustrated" this copy with portraits and autographs, and sold it for the goodly sum of \$500, which will go into the treasury of the Aguilar Free Library. Mrs. Meyer has been at work on this book for the past seven or eight months, and has made a unique volume. Among the most interesting of the portraits are those that represent the authors in their youth. There is one of Mr. R. H. Stoddard, with ink-black moustache and no beard—for all the world like Count d'Orsay,—and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, brave in lace collar and ringlets, and Mr. George William Curtis with shaven cheeks, and Lowell blacker than midnight, young, but bearded like the pard. Nor should I forget to mention the beautiful binding—green crushed levant, with red medallions, quite worthy of the rare collection it holds in its embrace. Fortunate, indeed, is the possessor of this book, for he has something the like of which no other man possesses.

* * *

THE LITERARY HACK who poured his confessions into the broad columns of *The Forum*, some time ago, answers his critics in the current number. The thing that seems to offend him more than any other criticism of his statements, is that his critics regard \$5000 a year as a fairly decent income for a man. That anyone should think him capable of living on \$5000 a year hurts his feelings:—"On such an income a man cannot live in a house in a pleasant quarter of the town; he cannot supply his family with more than the necessities [*sic*] of life; he and his wife and children must forego all the pleasures which cost anything to obtain." That is, if he lives in New York. Here I quite agree with Mr. Hack. New York is no place for a man with a family who has a gentleman's tastes and needs and only \$5000 a year. He can live—that I do not deny. Not in a house, certainly, or, if in a house, not within comfortable distance of any place that he would be likely to frequent. It may be that up in Harlem he could find a house for a rent that he could afford. I know people who pay \$1500 a year for houses that are in neighborhoods which I should not care to live in, and they stay there because the rent is low. For a house for which you would pay \$1000 a year in London, you would pay \$3000 here. There is nothing for the \$5000-a-year Hack to do but to live in an apartment, and for the rent he can afford he cannot get a very good one. I have seen apartments in New York for \$1200 a year that were unspeakably bad. Dark rooms, little air and no sunshine. On the other hand, I have seen better ones for less money, but there are very few of these, and even they were not designed for Hacks with families. I know of literary workers—hacks, if you like,—whose incomes touch the \$5000-a-year mark, but they can barely make ends meet, and such luxuries as theatres and the opera are out of the question. The poorest people in New York are not the acknowledged paupers, but the gentlefolk who are obliged to live on from \$3000 to \$5000 a year. Those whose incomes are less are better off in a way, for they simply give up the struggle.

"The Carlyles' Chelsea Home"

NO LOVER OF CARLYLE can afford to be without the interesting little book entitled "The Carlyles' Chelsea Home," by Mr. Reginald Blunt. Mr. Blunt has not aimed at anything more than the title indicates—"to give some authentic record of the home existence in the unpretentious dwelling which sheltered Thomas Carlyle and his wife from 1834 till their death, and to give it, as far as possible, in their own words, illustrated by the contemporary record of their friends." The great attraction of this book lies in its illustrations, the most interesting of which are from

photographs made by Mr. Robert Tait, "who was an intimate friend at 'No. 5' in and after the fifties, and who was fortunately

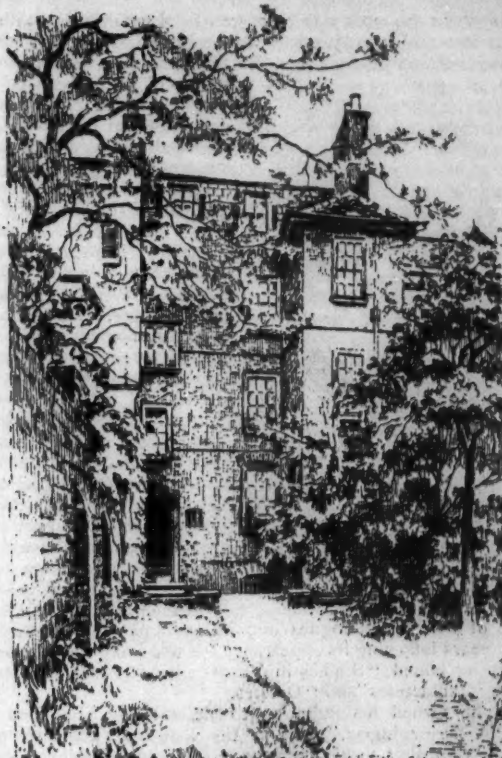
ticularly timely as we have just celebrated Carlyle's centenary—Dec. 4.—and turned his Chelsea home into a memorial museum.



Robert Tait fully.

J. Carlyle.

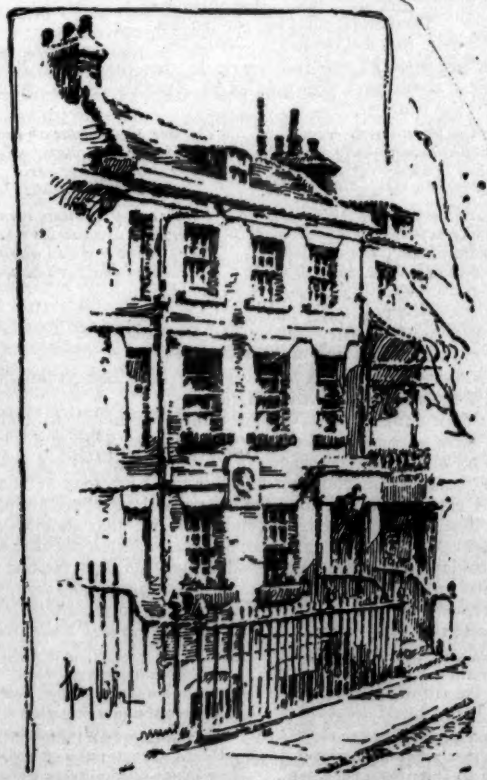
a skilful amateur photographer as well as an artist, in the days when the former pursuit was much more arduous than now." Mr. Tait's photographs of the garden, with Carlyle seated under



THE HOUSE FROM THE GARDEN

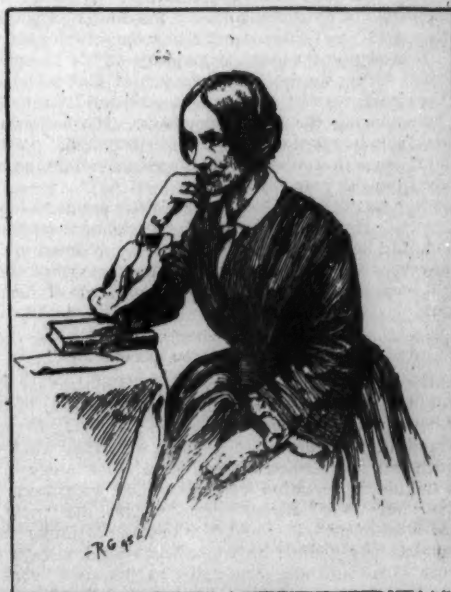
The portrait of Mrs. Carlyle and the rear view of the house are reproduced from the pictures in this volume. (Macmillan & Co.)

The centenary of Carlyle's birth was celebrated, also, at his birthplace, Ecclefechan, near Dumfries, Scotland, on the same day.



THE CARLYLES' CHELSEA HOME

an awning smoking his pipe, are particularly valuable; in fact, the whole book has a unique value to all hero-worshippers, and is par-



MRS. CARLYLE

Wreaths were sent from all parts of the world, among them one from the Emperor of Germany, with the inscription:—"In memory of the writer of the Life of Frederick the Great."

London Letter

IT IS WITH the most sincere regret that I record the death of John Leicester Warren, Lord De Tabley, who passed away, somewhat suddenly, on Friday last. For two years past he had shown



From The Westminster Budget

LORD DE TABLEY

signs of the bad effects of a serious attack of influenza; but none of his friends regarded his symptoms with apprehension, and the news of his death must have come to most as a shock the severer for being so unexpected. Though he was but sixty years old last April, De Tabley looked much older. His features often reminded me of the published portraits of Tourguéneff—a rugged face and venerable. Perhaps his manner added somewhat to the impression of age: he always seemed to regard himself as an old man, the best of whose work was done. His career as a poet was somewhat unique: for in its autumn it took on a new life. He was twenty-nine when he published his first

volume of poems, "Eclogues and Monodramas"; and, during the few years following its appearance, he was busy with the pen. In 1865 he issued "Studies in Verse"; in 1866 and 1867 two dramas, "Philoctetes" and "Orestes." Then he turned his attention to fiction, and published in 1868 "A Screw Loose," and in the following year "Ropes of Sand," returning to his first love in 1870, with "Rehearsals," which was succeeded three years later by "Searching the Net," and this, after another like interval, by "The Soldier of Fortune." Then, save for a treatise on book-plates in 1880, he was silent for more than fifteen years. I doubt whether, at the time of Tennyson's death, many of the younger generation knew much of John Leicester Warren's work save from hearsay. Our fathers spoke of him as of a man of great promise, untimely silenced; and even his "Jael" was no more than a name to the "general." Then, in the sudden rush of song that followed the loss of our greatest contemporary poet, De Tabley found a new opportunity and a new audience. It is significant that the majority of the obituary notices published during the week have spoken of him solely as the author of the two series of "Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical," which saw the light during the last three years. His earlier and (in many respects) his better work seems to be forgotten. Perhaps it is not without cause that modern critics are said to date the history of literature from the year 1870.

In the earlier stages of his career De Tabley seems to have had varied interests. He contested a seat for Parliament without success in 1868, and he held a commission in the yeomanry. Since the day, however, when he emerged from his temporary obscurity and brought back to us again the fine Roman flavor of his lyrics, working out

"instinct with fire divine,
And stiff with classic gold, the splendid line,"

his interests have been almost solely literary. Half the year he spent in seclusion in the drowsy little seaside town of Poole, in Dorsetshire; for half—or perhaps less—he was in London, gathering his friends around him, and entertaining them with that kindly hospitality which was so characteristic of him. But, away or near, his letters and his conversation were alike filled with literary concerns. The "new book" always interested him: the "new poet" was sure of a welcome. It would be a mistake to imply that De Tabley was precisely genial: he was always kind, always generous, but his usual attitude, especially to his own work, was of doubt and of reserve. I think he never enjoyed confidence in his own performance. He was painfully sensitive to criticism. Any vulgar, illiterate review which spoke disparagingly of his work hurt him to the quick; it was vain to point out to him the abundant evidences of the journalist's ignorance and spleen—he would always be fearing that there was something of truth in what had been said. In all this, he proved himself singularly modest;

but one cannot help feeling that he would have done even finer work, had he been less sensitive.

He was a scholar and a gentleman; and he had the quick detestation of the scholar for shallow pretension: the intuitive aversion of the gentleman for self-assertive banality. I remember well the publication in a leading review of an ignorant, clumsy attack upon Tennyson, printed after his death—it could scarcely have been printed before. De Tabley read it, and was deeply pained by it. I believe he felt a thing of this kind as much as if it had been directed against himself; for he had a true enthusiasm for all that is best in literature, by whomsoever and wheresoever produced. It was noticeable, for instance, how—coming into the field of letters anew after the lapse of so many years—he contrived to gather young men about his table, and to impress them with respect and almost with affection for his high sense of literary morale. He was interested in them, and they speedily acquired interest and consideration for him. For he was invariably frank and sincere. Sensitive as he was, I doubt if he was ever jealous: most of the young poets must have experienced his encouragement at some period or other of these last few years. He was always watching them, and always with kindness.

The younger school, I believe, were apt to consider his work too rigidly classical, too formal and sedate; nor is it difficult for the Muse that has no learning to depreciate Her who is of culture and of classicism all compact. That this was a just criticism I cannot believe. Such strenuous work, so careful of the right word, so consistently dignified, cannot, I hope, lack an audience, so long as Horace is read and appreciated.

"So when proud Egypt in her fleet
Beat up with canvas all unfurled,
Inflamed with Mareotic heat,
To wreck the realm and clutch the world:
Drunk with the wine of prosperous hours,
Insane to hope the wildest good,
She, queenly crowned with lotus-flowers,
Swept silken-sailed across the flood:
But when she saw her burning ships,
And heard the roaring of the fire,
The wanton paled her painted lips,
And fled the falcon Caesar's ire."

Is there not more of the true spirit in this than in an hour of rhythmical sport with the tangles of Neera's hair? And yet again: "To Fortune":—

All men thy intercession crave;
The happy lovers newly wed,
The widow bending o'er a grave,
The mother o'er a cradled head.
Thou scatterest them like shade or sleep,
Thou slayest them and they are slain:
Anon, thou callest o'er the deep,
'Children of silence, come again.'

*Divesne prisco natus ab Inacho
Nil interest an pauper et infima
De gente sub divo moreris
Victima nil miserantis Orci.
Omnes eodem cogimur, omnium
Versatur urna serius ocus
Sors exitura et nos in aeternum
Exilium impositura cumba.*

We last but while the day is new;
The thirsty sunbeam dries us up.
Have mercy! We are drops of dew
Shed for a moment in thy cup.

There is more of the spirit of Horace in those lines, than in half the faithful translations of the laborious.

His Greek subjects, also—themes more common to contemporary verse,—were handled with the same firm and certain touch: he was always conscious of the solemnity of his subject, always earnest in his endeavor to sustain it. It may be that he touched the brain rather than the heart; and yet there are poems of his that attain a touching tenderness in their simplicity and sincerity. Among them, perhaps, one reads with a peculiar sentiment to-day, when the last word is written and the last song sung, the lines which he wrote more than twenty years ago, looking forward even then, with that haunting melancholy of his, to the rest that was to come to him with this murky November:—

O sea wall, moulded long and low,
Let iron bounds be thine;
Nor let the salt wave overflow
That breast I held divine.
Tho' cold her pale lips to reward,
With love's own mysteries;
Ah, rob no daisy from her sward,
Rough gale of eastern seas!

And, ah, dear heart, in thy still nest,
Resign this earth of woes,
Forget the ardours of the west,
Neglect the morning glows.
Sleep and forget all things but one,
Heard in each wave of sea,—
How lonely all the years will run
Until I rest by thee.

Ah! render serene no silken bent
That by her headstone waves;
Let noon and golden summer blent
Pervade these ocean graves.

LONDON, 29 Nov. 1895.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

The Tennyson Beacon Fund

DURING the week just past, the following subscription has been sent us:—

Richard Watson Gilder (second subscription) \$10.

Previously received, \$1173.51; total to date, \$1183.51. As soon as \$1200 has been contributed, the subscription will be closed, and the money in hand forwarded at once to the Rev. Joseph Merriman, at Freshwater, on the Isle of Wight. We appeal again to Tennyson's admirers to aid us in making the Beacon a tribute of the Anglo-Saxon world to one of its greatest poets—not merely a national one.

Mr. Stedman's "Victorian Anthology"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

One to whom *The Critic* has been for years a literary "guide, philosopher and friend" naturally feels that, when he has a plaint to make, *The Critic's* ear should be open to receive it. Having read your review of "A Victorian Anthology," I immediately had my bookseller order it for me. I have received it, and carefully examined it, and given it a place on my shelves alongside the "Victorian Poets," to which (as you justly say) it is a worthy supplement. To your verdict, that "in plan and execution, even to the minutest details, it is a model work," I cordially assent—with a reservation. Mr. Stedman's part of the work has been admirably done; but so much cannot be said for the publishers. Experience has taught us to look for perfect work from the Riverside Press, and we have a right to expect it. Why, then, should a book from that source be marred on almost every page by such typographical monstrosities as "call'd," "hush'd," "shriek'd," and the like, making a poem of Tennyson or Mrs. Browning look like one of Pope or Dryden? In the days of our great-grandfathers, when people said "call-ed," it was all right to print it "call'd" when the exigencies of the metre required it to be pronounced as a monosyllable; but in this end-of-the-century period, when none of the class of words to which I have referred are ever spoken as dissyllables, it seems the merest affectation to print them with an elided vowel and a substituted apostrophe. It becomes especially exasperating to find a line from a favorite poem printed in the "Anthology" with one or more of its words clipped (or, shall I say, "clipp'd"?) in this absurd fashion, and then, on turning to the "Victorian Poets," to discover that the very same line from the same poem appears with the same words printed without such emasculation. For example—on p. 69 of the "Poets," Landor is made to say "loved" and "warmed," which words, in the "Anthology" (p. 15) suffer a sea change into "lov'd" and "warm'd"; Hood's "spurned" and "hugged" (V. P., 80) become "spurn'd" and "hugg'd" (V. A., 118); Mrs. Browning's "piled" and "chanced" (V. P., 117), "pil'd" and "chanc'd" (V. A., 139); Tennyson's "remembered" (V. P., 223), "remember'd" (V. A., 159)—*cum multis aliis*. But this is not the worst of it. On reaching the last third of the volume, the printer and the proof-reader seem to have experienced a change of heart—thenceforward the apostrophes appear no more, and we have "called," "hushed," *et al*, as we should have had from the beginning. It would seem but a reasonable request to ask that the Riverside Press be consistent with itself, at least.

This is probably typographic malice prepense: it is mere slovenliness which causes all the left-hand pages to be headed with the titles of the subdivisions of the book, and the right-hand pages with the names of the authors cited, except on pp. 595, 635, 659 and 667, where careless proof-reading has caused this rule to be disregarded. There seems to have been no rule as to the printing of diphthongs. One finds *Æ* and *Æ* with bewildering impartiality. Mr. Stedman has made a monumental work, which need fear no rival for many a year. It is a pity that, typographically, he has been so hardly entreated by his publishers.

NASHVILLE, TENN., 26 Nov. 1895. R. L. C. WHITE.

I think that your correspondent, if familiar with the editions authorized by Tennyson, Browning, etc., of their own works, will allow for the preference entertained by many in favor of texts conformed to the authors' own usage and the fashion of their time. Tennyson, for instance, uniformly elided the *e* in the verbal endings named. The Riverside Press agreed with me that we would have no "hard and fast" rule, but would aim to be in keeping with the styles of the respective periods. The era covered is a long one. The texts of the very recent poets are less classically

"established," and during the last twenty-five years it has been the custom to avoid the elision and apostrophe. Therefore, for the modern period, embraced in the third division of the "Anthology," the latter-day usage is consistently adopted.

As many questions have been addressed to me personally, kindly permit me, now that my hand is in, to answer a few of them. Mr. W. E. Henley is omitted from "A Victorian Anthology" by his own polite request, accompanied with the statement that for some time past he has "made it a rule to decline representation in anthologies of contemporary verse." Wordsworth is represented only by certain prefatory stanzas, for reasons fully given in my Introduction. Montgomery's secular poetry was wholly of the Georgian Period, but I wished to include him simply as the pioneer of the "Early Hymnody." As I say, the book covers the greater part of this century. A veteran correspondent asks why the third division is so long, and contains so many "fledglings." Another, presumably of the new generation, thinks too much space is given to the earliest period, and that more young aspirants should be included. But in fact, everything is subordinated to the general logic and design. Still, I am more surprised by the latter writer than by the former; for the best anthology studies the verdict of time and the public. It is not sure to my mind that the newest poets are as imaginative as their predecessors, or that they even belong to the true Victorian period. To increase the value of my compilation, I have selected representatives of every modern tendency, and if equally clever writers are omitted, they may (or may not) prove serviceable to a twentieth-century anthologist. No one but the maker of an anthology understands its limits, and the labor of procuring copyrights, texts, and so forth; and no reader, however well informed, knows the inevitable weak spots of my own volume so well as

NEW YORK, 2 Dec. 1895.

E. C. STEDMAN.

The Fine Arts

Drawings by du Maurier

ONE HUNDRED drawings illustrating the follies and foibles of London society, by the author of "Trilby," which are on exhibition at Wunderlich's gallery, give a very fair idea of that side of Mr. du Maurier's genius that was first made evident to the public. He will be longer remembered for his novels than for these caricatures, but they are undeniably clever and even, now and then, artistic. If he sometimes falls in the legend to give point to "drawing-room inanities," the pictures for which they have furnished an excuse are pleasing, and, on the other hand, a somewhat stiff and ungracious bit of drawing may illustrate an epigram of the keenest. Occasionally both drawing and joke are off-hand and amusing. The one who blundered in the dialogue between Miss Amy and Mr. Goslin shows plainly his unhappy state of mind, not only in his face, but in the very movement of his leg, which comes as near a shuffle as a well-drilled leg can manage. The technicalities of water-color, the talk about "washing" and "scratching," which the rank outsider overhears at the Bohemian restaurant, may well make him lift his head and drop his napkin in amazement. The old and prosperous gentleman, who, complaining to his worn and anxious wife of the extravagant conduct of the gilded youth, their son, looks as though he could easily "buy up the 'ole lot of 'ighnesses" with whom that gentleman consorts, and quite capable of doing so, too, if he could see a profit in it. The wit is dull, but the drawing lively, in "Private Theatricals," in which the awkwardness of an amateur rehearsal is very well expressed. The host, bald-headed, and the servant, of du Maurier's best Venus de Milo brand, make up for the absence of point in the "Home Truth" that the latter is supposed to be telling, and may be supposed to have consoled the guests for the scarcity and poor quality of the claret. But pun and drawing are of the best, that is, the funniest, in the Kilcowan Street controversy between Cabby and Furrier. Mr. du Maurier's success may, we think, be attributed to that amazing phenomenon of our times on which he touches in "The Spread of Culture Downwards." If the masses appreciate him (and who can doubt it, since they buy him?) it must be because it takes less to excite their sense of the ridiculous than it used to do.

Art Notes

THE SIXTH annual artists' loan exhibition of paintings at the rooms of the Alpha Delta Phi Club, 35 West 33d Street, includes very good examples of some of our best painters. Among those in oils are William A. Coffin's fine snow-piece, "A Winter Evening," Theodore Robinson's impressionistic "Moonrise" over

French meadows and poplars, Alexander Schilling's blue "Moonlight," Irving R. Wiles's "Fantasia," F. K. M. Rehn's very gray "Close of Day," R. M. Shurtleff's masterly water-color study of a "Forest Scene" and a Samoan interior with figures, also in water-colors, by John La Farge.

—Two handsome stained-glass windows intended for the new M. E. Church in St. Francis Street, Mobile, Ala., are shown at the stained-glass studios of J. & R. Lamb, at 23 and 25 Sixth Avenue. The subjects are "The Assumption" and "Christ Blessing Little Children," each enclosed in a handsome Renaissance border of architectural appearance. The first-mentioned is intended as a memorial to the late superintendent of the Sunday-school, Mr. W. L. Baker, and the second to deceased members of the vestry of the Church.

—At the Grolier Club a small but interesting collection of engraved portraits of French authors was opened on Dec. 5. Few good specimens of early seventeenth-century work were shown, the best being a portrait of Clément Marot. Robert de Nanteuil was represented by his portrait of Jean Loret, and there was a small portrait on copper of Ronsard, but not the celebrated woodcut after Jean Cousin, nor an impression of the well-known though seldom seen copper-plate portrait of Rabelais, which serves as title to the first edition of his "Letters." The chief engravers of the eighteenth century were much better represented. The masterly work of Augustin de Saint-Aubin was shown in his large medallions of Boileau and Voltaire, and of the prettier and somewhat more freely treated portraits of Ficquet and his imitator, Grateloup, there was a display not easily to be matched, including the Crébillon of the first-named engraver and the Fénelon of the latter, which was lacking to Didot's collection.

—The December *Magazine of Art* has for frontispiece an excellent photograph after Jean Aubert's pretty idyl, "Country Cousins." The leading article is on "Some Portraits of Sir Walter Scott," with illustrations. There is an etching by Francis S. Walker, illustrating two lines by Gray, and a full-page engraving of one of Baudry's sketches for his well-known designs for the Paris Opera.

—The Messrs. Appletons' exhibition of books on art and other finely bound and illustrated works included "The Art of the World" as seen at the Columbian Exhibition, finely illustrated, with many plates printed in colors, and bound in two large volumes in morocco, and in sets of six or ten in cloth; "Recent Ideals of American Art," "The Music of the Modern World," with many illustrations in black-and-white and in colors; and *éditions de luxe* of "The Manxman," "Uncle Remus" and "White's Natural History of Selborne." Some dozen specimen plates of Dr. S. W. Bushnell's forthcoming great work on "Oriental Ceramic Art," illustrated from examples in the Walters collection at Baltimore, gave some idea of what the complete work, which will contain upwards of 100 of these plates, will be like. A fine edition of Mrs. A. Murray Smith's "Annals of Westminster Abbey," handsomely bound, sets of "Johnson's Universal Cyclopædia," Bancroft's "History of the United States" and "Appleton's Library Atlas of Modern Geography," were to be seen, together with an interesting collection of the posters and book-cover designs of the season. One of the most interesting of the posters was that advertising Mr. George Bird Grinnell's "Story of the Indian," the first volume of the new "Story of the West" series edited by Mr. Ripley Hitchcock. The exhibition was closed on Dec. 7.

The Drama

"The Transit of Leo"

THIS LATEST adaptation from the German stage, which was produced at Daly's Theatre on Tuesday evening, is genuine light comedy, and, being very well acted and well suited to the company, is likely to obtain a permanent place in the repertory. The plot is of the simplest and has done duty on hundreds of previous occasions. Leo, the heroine, is an heiress, whose every whim has been gratified by a foolish old uncle and aunt. She has been wooed and won by a clever but penniless young inventor, and the curtain rises upon the merrymakings of the wedding-day. When the guests have taken their departure, the bridegroom, weary, and a little ashamed of being congratulated upon the brilliant match he has made, undertakes to give his wife a little conjugal lecture, intimating that he intends to be the head of the house. The bride, accustomed always to have her own way, resents the assumption, and, in the heat of the moment, hints that her money was the chief attraction. He demands an apology, she refuses, and the

upshot is a quarrel which lasts through the entire honeymoon. Determined not to incur the reproach of living upon his wife's income, the husband insists upon leaving their grand home in Fifth Avenue and retiring to a suburban cottage, the rent whereof is within his means. Leo protests, but is compelled to submit. At first she is furious, but, really loving her husband, and recognizing his manliness, she finally makes advances, which he, mistaking their purpose, repulses. In the end she is able, by her shrewd woman's wit, to put him on the road to fortune, and the road is then open to the usual scene of reconciliation and general happiness.

There are minor complications, but the story is not substantial enough to bear examination in detail. It is sufficient to know that it is fairly reasonable and wholly amusing. In the wilful young wife, Miss Rehan has found a part which suits her admirably. She was equally good in her petulance and in her contrition, and the applause which followed her efforts was hearty and frequent. Mr. Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert, as the fond old uncle and aunt, were all that could be desired, Miss Maxine Elliot was excellent as an honest and clear-headed artist, and Mr. Clarke enacted the part of a family lawyer and converted misogynist with his usual skill. Mr. Frank Worthing was particularly happy as the young husband, playing with ease, simplicity and sincerity, and Mr. W. Sampson gave a most amusing sketch of a Negro servant. Herbert Gresham and Tyrone Power also are entitled to mention. The piece was beautifully mounted. Applause and laughter were bestowed liberally, especially during the last act, which, taking it all in all, is the best of the three.

Music

"Hamlet" at the Opera

AMBROISE THOMAS'S polite reduction of "Hamlet" to music was brought forward at the Metropolitan Opera House on Dec. 4. The opera is a weak dilution of the tragedy. It fails because "Hamlet" cannot be expressed in music, and, if it could, it would require a much larger man than M. Thomas to do it. But the performance was interesting because it introduced that gifted artist, Emma Calvé, in a new part. Ophelia is one of the favorite rôles of the sopranos who excel in singing florid music. It is seldom attempted by a dramatic soprano. It so happens, however, that Mme. Calvé is an accomplished *colorature* singer, and consequently she was not to be alarmed by the runs, trills and *staccati* of the familiar "mad scene." She sang and acted well in the earlier scenes of the opera, but they are labored, conventional and ineffective, and not even the genius of Calvé could make them impressive. In the "mad scene," however, she aroused unbounded enthusiasm by the clear, bell-like beauty of her tones, the ease and certainty with which she executed the difficult passages, but above all by the remarkable dramatic significance which she read into them. It was one of the finest pieces of lyric work ever heard in New York.

Signor Kaschmann deserves praise for an earnest and forcible performance of the personage whom M. Thomas calls Hamlet. It is not the Hamlet of our acquaintance at all, but a French nobleman who has discovered moral scruples and does not know what to do with them. The result is that he is rude to his mother. It all seems to be quite inexplicable, but Signor Kaschmann appeared to be much affected by his own state of mind, and did his best to express it by long *fermata* on the high notes. Mme. Mantelli was a vocally tremulous Queen and M. Plançon a Claudius of perpendicular carriage and orotund delivery.

Educational Notes

THE THIRTEENTH annual meeting of the Modern Language Association of America will be held at Yale on Dec. 26-28.

The death is announced of Miss Jane Lee, daughter of the late Archdeacon Lee, and vice-principal of Newnham College, England, where for some years she was lecturer on modern languages. She published an edition of the first part of Goethe's "Faust."

President G. Stanley Hall of Clark University lectured in this city, Dec. 6, on "Some Features of the New Education." He said, among other things, that there is not a civilized country in the world to-day where there is not in progress a renaissance in matters pertaining to education; good news comes even from China. The first and fundamental departure, in his opinion, comes in a close and careful study of the nature and needs of childhood.

The American Economic Association will publish, through Macmillan & Co., "Letters of Ricardo to McCulloch," lately discovered, edited and annotated by J. H. Hollander, Ph.D., of Johns Hopkins University; and "Race Traits and Tendencies of the American Negro," by F. L. Hoffman.

Notes

MESSRS. DODD, MEAD & CO. publish an edition, limited to 450 copies, of the "Epithalamium by Edmund Spenser, with Certain Imaginative Drawings by George Wharton Edwards." The artist, they state, has carried out in his illustrations one artistic scheme in harmony with the text. The poem is worthy of the best that artist, printer, binder and publisher can produce.

—Messrs. Macmillan & Co. announce "A Breath from the Veldt," a work on the big game of South Africa, by John Guille Millais. It will be illustrated with full-page electro-etchings, illustrations in the text, woodcuts by G. E. Lodge and a frontispiece by Sir J. E. Millais.

—Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. have just published a continuation of the Verney Memoirs "Memoirs of the Verney Family during the Commonwealth, 1650-1660," compiled from the letters and illustrated by the portraits at Claydon House, by Margaret M. Verney. Those who have read the first volume of these Memoirs, dealing with the Civil War, will only need this announcement to procure copies of the new book; to others we can only say that this is one of the most delightful records of family history ever published in any language.

—Messrs. Copeland & Day announce the first two books in a series of American verse, to be known as the Oaten Stop Series—"Dumb in June," by Richard Burton; and "A Doric Reed," by Zitella Cocke. The volumes of the series will be issued "at irregular intervals."

—It took 40,000 copies of Rudyard Kipling's new "Jungle Book" to satisfy the first demand in America and England. Another large edition is now on The Century Co.'s presses. The "Century Cook-Book," also, has proved its popularity by its sales. The publishers have been unable to fill orders for a week past, but a large new edition is nearly ready.

—The Fleming H. Revell Co. announces a third edition of Dr. John Brown's "The Pilgrim Fathers of New England, and their Puritan Successors." The first and second editions were exhausted before they left the bindery.

—"St. Ives," the novel left substantially complete by Robert Louis Stevenson at his death, is described as purely a romance of adventure. It is the story of a French prisoner captured in the Peninsular wars, who is shut up in Edinburgh Castle, where he falls in love with a Scotch girl who, with her aunt, frequently visits the prisoners. After various episodes a dangerous plan of escape is decided upon, and St. Ives finally becomes a free man. The perils that he undergoes while in hiding about Edinburgh, his adventures on the Great North Road with strangers and robbers, his final escape across the border into England, his subsequent return to Edinburgh, and many other incidents are told as only Stevenson could tell them. The story will appear in *McClure's Magazine*.

—The Open Court Pub. Co. has ready "Karma," a tale by Dr. Paul Carus, illustrated by Japanese artists; and "Lovers Three Thousand Years Ago," as indicated by the Song of Solomon, by the Rev. T. A. Goodwin, D.D.

—To the second edition of his novel "Men Born Equal," Mr. Harry P. Robinson prefixes a note in which he denies that his story was based on the Chicago riots. He says that it was written some months before the strikes in question broke out. Nor is there, he asserts, one single line of portraiture in any character.

—Mr. William Morris will issue a new edition of his "Earthly Paradise," from the Kelmscott Press. It is to be in eight volumes, bound in vellum, and the poet is designing a new series of borders and ornaments.

—The annual reception of Mrs. Field's Literary Club will take place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. William M. van Anden, Brooklyn, on Dec. 19. The topic of discussion will be "The Value of the Novel as Helping Us to Understand Social Conditions." Mrs. Margaret Deland, Mrs. Pearl Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes), Mrs. George C. Riggs (Kate Douglas Wiggin) and Miss Marguerite Merington will be the guests of the evening.

—The late "Felix Oldboy's" "Walks in Our Churchyards: Old New York—Trinity Parish," collected from *The Trinity Record*, will be issued in book-form by Mr. George Gottsberger Peck.

—The Association Littéraire et Artistique Internationale met at Dresden on Sept. 21-28. M. Jules Lermina proposed the establishment of an organization for supplying the world with a monthly record of its literary productions, and also a coöperative universal bibliography up to the end of this century. The proposition was accepted in principle, and referred to a committee.

—"The Tribulations of an Author," an amusing article in *Life* of Dec. 5, was made up of actual notices of Mr. Paul L. Ford's novel "The Honorable Peter Stirling."

—The Canadian Institute, numbering among its members many authors and literary men, recently passed a resolution requesting the Dominion Government to reconsider its determination to withdraw from the Berne Convention, giving as a reason that such withdrawal would isolate Canada among civilized nations and have a tendency to impede progress of native literature, art and science.

—M. Zola is to visit England again next spring. He is credited with the intention of studying the provincial Englishman in Manchester and other leading cities, and the industrial and social life of the people.

—The *Publishers' Weekly* announces an issue of the new "American Catalogue, 1890-5," in three parts, beginning with A-H of the author-and-title alphabet. The second will be issued before the close of the year, and the work will be completed early in 1896. This is done for the immediate convenience of booksellers and librarians.

—The strange plan for an international petition for the release of Oscar Wilde, started in Paris, has failed utterly. Emile Zola has flatly refused to sign it, and most of the other prominent writers have either followed his example or sent ambiguous replies.

—Andrew Carnegie will present Homestead with a free library, to cost \$400,000, independent of the permanent endowment for its maintenance, which Mr. Carnegie will also provide. The building will comprise a free library, reading-rooms, a music-hall, gymnasium, club-rooms and a swimming-pool. The building is to be completed within a year.

—Gilbert Parker, the Canadian author, followed Rudyard Kipling's example on Dec. 5, when he married Miss Amy E. Vantine of this city.

—At a meeting of the Council of the American Copyright League, on December 9, 1895 (Mr. E. C. Stedman in the chair), the following resolution was adopted:—"The members of the Council, at its first meeting since the death of our honored associate Prof. H. H. Boyesen, desire to make record of our appreciation of his solid intellectual ability, his high character and his faithful service to the cause of copyright reform." The Philolexian Society of Columbia College held a meeting in memory of Prof. Boyesen in the evening of Dec. 10. J. Perry Worden delivered a lecture on "Weimar: The Homes and Haunts of Goethe and Schiller," in the course of which he referred frequently to the deceased Professor of the Germanic Languages.

—Of Charles Dickens's immediate descendants there are living to-day his sons Charles and Henry Fielding, and his daughter, Miss Dickens, the novelist. Charles Henry Dickens has seven children—three girls and four boys, the second of whom is a naval cadet. The oldest girl made her *début* this year.

—A wonderful "find" of valuable letters is reported to have been made in a Caithness castle. The letters, several hundreds in number, are dated 1800-1850, and deal with various phases of Scots minstrelsy and contemporary literary affairs. There are, also, a number of confidential letters of Byron, Scott, Moore, Dickens and other eminent *littérateurs*. They are all addressed to Mr. George Thomson, who planned the well-known "Miscellany of Scottish Song."

—In *The Ladies' Home Journal*, Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth tells how Longfellow came to write some of his best-known poems, and thus quotes the poet:—"My poem entitled 'The Bridge' was written in sorrow which made me feel for the loneliness of others. I was a widower at the time, and I used sometimes to go over the bridge to Boston evenings to meet friends, and to return near midnight by the same way. The way was silent, save here and there a belated footstep. The sea rose or fell among the wooden piers, and there was a great furnace on the Brighton hills, whose red light was reflected by the waves. It was on such a late solitary walk that the spirit of the poem came upon me. The bridge has been greatly altered, but the place of it is the same."

—Mr. Aubrey Beardsley has written a novel, "Under the Hill," which he proposes to publish in the new magazine, *The Savoy*. He has also written a poem for the same periodical.

—By the death of his sister, to whom he left nearly all his estate for life, the following, among other bequests made by the late James H. Carleton, will be paid: Public Library, Haverhill, \$15,000; Haverhill Young Men's Christian Association, \$15,000; Carleton College, Northfield, \$8,000; City of Haverhill, in trust, \$5,000, to be used for the establishment of a scholarship in the High School; Andover Theological Seminary, \$5,000; and Whittier's Birthplace Association, \$1,000.

—Bay Ridge, L. I., will erect a home for its Free Library and Reading-Room, at a cost of \$10,000, most of which has been contributed by public-spirited citizens. Mr. E. W. Bliss has presented the site.

—The Hungarian poet, dramatist and journalist, Ludwig von Doezi, has been placed at the head of the "literary bureau" of the Austrian-Hungarian Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

—From the Philadelphia *Press* we learn that "Dr. Horace Howard Furness, the eminent Shakespearian scholar, is building one of the handsomest and most complete private libraries in the country in connection with his splendid home at Wallingford. The building, which is absolutely fire-proof, will contain shelves to accommodate Dr. Furness's splendid collection of books, which now embraces over 16,000 volumes, and is constantly being increased. The library will be moved from Philadelphia to the new building as soon as the latter is ready for occupancy."

—A number of members of the Grolier Club have established "The Club Bindery," which will do no work for others but members of the Club, unless in default of full employment from such members.

—Six citizens of Flatbush, L. I., have decided to buy the old Freeman house in that town, to be used as a public library. Into it will be moved 5000 volumes accumulated during the last 150 years by the Flatbush district school and the 5000 volumes now owned by the Erasmus Hall Academy.

—Edward Robins, Jr., author of "Echoes of the Playhouse," one of the entertaining books of the season, is a nephew of Charles G. Leland and a brother of Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

—Samuel S. Sanford, who played the title-role in "Uncle Sam" when it was first put on the stage, forty-five years ago, is living in Philadelphia. It is his ambition to celebrate, five years hence, the semi-centennial of the first production of the play. He is seventy-five years old to-day, but, as his mother is still living at ninety-nine, and as her father died at 104, Mr. Sanford may look forward with reasonable certainty to the fulfilment of his ambition.

—The contributors to *The Youth's Companion* for the coming year will include the Lord Chief Justice of England, Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, Prof. N. S. Shaler, Hiram Maxim, J. H. Biles, who built the New York and Paris of the American Line, Felix L. Oswald, H. G. Prout, editor of *The Railroad Gazette*, J. Henniker Heaton, M. P., Dr. F. W. Clarke, Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, Speaker T. B. Read, the Secretaries of the Navy, Interior, Agriculture, Frank R. Stockton, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Gen. Miles, Sir William Howard Russell, Frank D. Millet, Archibald Forbes, Frederic Villiers, Sir William Martin Conway, Bishop Cleveland Cox, Bishop Doane, Admiral Stevens, Charles Dickens, Thomas Nast, Poultney Bigelow, Lady Jeune, Justin McCarthy, Prof. C. F. Thwing, Prof. Austin Abbott, Dr. Cyrus Edson, Marion Harland, Camille Flammarion, Prof. C. A. Young and Prof. Rodolfo Lanciani.

—A phrase which is as common as it is senseless, as hackneyed as it is ridiculous, has roused to wrath a correspondent of the *London Chronicle*. "It goes without saying!" he growls. "What goes without saying? Why does it go without saying? If it (whatever it may be) condescended to break its rude silence, what would it say? If the language of Milton, Swift and Jeremy Taylor cannot exist without this inlaid rubbish, it had better give place to Volapük."

—Apropos of the bound volume of *The Critic* for Jan.-June 1895, the *New York World* says:—"The Critic is an admirable record of current literary events. Every important book is reviewed intelligently, and at the earliest possible date. The person who reads *The Critic* diligently is enabled to create the im-

pression that he is very well-read indeed. Many of the reviews are remarkable for a bright, incisive style and strong common-sense. The 'new woman' writers and all who air the sex-question too much are severely and consistently castigated in this paper. *The Critic* contains a remarkable amount of news of a literary character. In its columns have appeared for the first time many announcements which would have been valuable 'beats' for a daily newspaper. The correspondence columns of *The Critic* have drawn communications from eminent literary men in all parts of the world."

Free Parliament

Communications must be accompanied by the names and addresses of correspondents, not necessarily for publication. In referring to any question, always give its number.

ANSWERS

1790.—The lines are by Thomas Lovell Beddoes. See review of his "Poetical Works," edited by Edmund Gosse (Macmillan & Co.) in *The Critic* of 3 Jan. 1891, where the verses are quoted in full.

HOLLIS, N. H.

M. D. T.

1787.—H. L. B. enquires regarding the oldest mention of the Northern Lights in literature. Dr. Samuel A. Green, Librarian of the Massachusetts Historical Society, investigated the matter some time ago, and found that Nathaniel Ames's Almanack for 1731 stated that the lights were first seen in New England in 1719. The same account is substantially given in a "Letter to a Certain Gentleman," in the second volume, first series, of the Massachusetts Historical Society Collections, the date being given as 11 Dec. 1719. This account is also confirmed by the Rev. Dr. Benjamin Trumbull in his Century sermon, delivered at North Haven, Conn., 1 Jan. 1801; he says:—"The Aurora Borealis is a new appearance, in the heavens, to this country. * * * Its first appearance in New England was on the 17th of December 1719." Dr. Abiel Holmes, in "Annals of America," follows Dr. Trumbull and gives the same date. Dr. Green, however, finds that the Boston *News Letter* of 21 Dec. 1719 does not mention the fact, nor does the Boston *Gazette* of the same date, and these were the only newspapers printed in the Colonies at that period. In the "Poetical Works of William Collins" (London, 1827), the following note explains the lines in which the Aurora is mentioned:—"By young Aurora Collins undoubtedly meant the first appearance of the northern lights, which happened about the year 1715; at least, it is most highly probable from this peculiar circumstance that no ancient writer whatever has taken any notice of them, nor even any one modern previous to the above period." Gov. Winthrop, in his "History of New England," under the date of 18 Jan. 1643, makes an entry which undoubtedly refers to the phenomenon under consideration. Chief Justice Sewall in his *Diary* also mentions, under the date of 22 Dec. 1692, that he saw balls of fire, but did not see streaming light—which would imply that he had at earlier times seen a light which streamed. Dr. Green found also in the *New England Weekly Journal* of 7 Oct. 1728 a direct reference to the Aurora Borealis, and on 10 Nov. 1729 in the same newspaper a record of another appearance.

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C. E. L. W.

[F. H. C. of New York writes:—"See Masson's Edition of De Quincey's Works, Vol. VIII., page 32—('Essays on System of the Heavens'), where De Quincey says in a note 'that until Queen Anne's days nobody ever hinted in a book that there was such a thing * * * as the Aurora Borealis, and in fact Halley had the credit of discovering it.' Masson adds the following note:—"Edmund Halley 1656—1742."]

Publications Received

Addison and Steele. <i>The Spectator</i> in London. 3s.	Macmillan & Co.
Allen, A. <i>A Daughter of the King</i> .	F. Tennyson Neely.
Ashjörnsen, P. <i>'Round the Yule Log</i> Tr. by H. L. Broekstad.	Estes & Lauriat.
Baldwin, Mrs. A. <i>The Shadow on the Blind</i> 1s. 50.	Macmillan & Co.
Bicknell, A. C. <i>Travel and Adventure in Northern Queensland</i> .	Longmans, Green & Co.
Blind, M. <i>Birds of Passage</i> .	London: Chatto & Windus.
Blatchford, Robert. <i>Tommy Atkins of the Ramchunders</i> 1s. 25.	Edward Arnold.
Poston Public Library Bulletin. July-Oct. 1895.	
Brooks, Noah. <i>The Mediterranean Trip</i> 1s. 25.	Charles Scribner's Sons.
Buckley, E. R. <i>Custody of the State Funds</i> .	Amer. Acad. Polit & Soc. Science.
Burnet, M. <i>Zoology</i> 75c.	American Book Co.
Cavenish on Whist. 1s. 50.	Charles Scribner's Sons.
Century Magazine. May-Oct. 1895. 3s.	Century Co.
Cross, A. K. <i>Color Study. Free-Hand-Drawing. Mechanical Drawing</i> 3 vols.	Ginn & Co.
Cross, A. K. <i>National Drawing Models. National Drawing Cards</i> .	Ginn & Co.
Cross, A. K. and Amy Swain. <i>Outline of Drawing Lessons. National Drawing Books: Fourth to Eighth Year</i> .	Ginn & Co.
Cross, A. <i>Grammar Lessons</i> .	Ginn & Co.
Daggett, Mrs. C. S. <i>Mariposilla</i> .	Rand, McNally & Co.
Dobson, Austin. <i>The Story of Rosina</i> 6s.	Dodd, Mead & Co.

- Duff, G. S. Nicodemus. Boston: Arena Pub. Co. 40c.
 Eggleston, E. Stories of Great Americans for Little Americans. 40c.
 American Book Co.
 Eggleston, E. Stories of American Life and Adventure. 40c.
 American Book Co.
 Elwanger, George H. Idyllists of the Country Side. \$1.25
 Dodd, Mead & Co.
 Evans, Arthur J. Cretan Pictographs and Proto-Phoenician Script. \$7.
 G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Fessenden, L. D. Essie. \$1.50.
 Boston: Lee & Shepard.
 Goldsmith, Oliver. Vicar of Wakefield. 35c.
 American Book Co.
 Grandgent, C. H. Selections from French Composition. 50c.
 D. C. Heath & Co.
 Horace. Edited by T. E. Page. \$2.
 Macmillan & Co.
 Houghton, L. S. Antijas, Son of Chuzza. \$1.50.
 A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
 Hughes, Thomas. Vacation Rambles. \$1.75.
 Macmillan & Co.
 Inderwick, F. A. The King's Pence. \$1.50.
 Macmillan & Co.
 Ingle, Herbert. Boston Charades.
 Boston: Lee & Shepard.
 Jenks, J. W. Social Basis of Proportional Representation.
 Phila.: Amer. Acad. Polit. & Soc. Science.
 Johnson, E. R. Railway Departments for the Relief and Insurance of Employees.
 Phila.: Amer. Acad. Polit. & Soc. Science.
 Laws of the Forty-four States of the Union. On the Teaching of Scientific Temperance.
 Albany: Weed-Parsons Printing Co.
 Lloyd, R. R. Baptism as Taught in the Scriptures. 35c.
 Cong. Sunday-School & Pub. Co.
 Lloyd J. W. Wind-Harp Songs. \$1.
 Buffalo: Peter Paul Book Co.
 Locke, W. J. Demagogue and Lady Phayre. \$1.
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 American Book Co.
 Oliphant, Mrs. Makers of Modern Rome. \$3.
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 Schreffel, J. V. von. Ekkehard. \$1.50.
 Seeley, J. R. Growth of British Policy. 2 vols. \$3.50.
 Snakespeare's As You Like It. 50c.
 Simmel, Georg. Problem of Sociology. Phila.: Amer. Acad. Polit. & Soc. Science.
 Siskel, D. B. Leaves of the Lotus. \$1.
 Southern Baptist Pulpit. Ed. by J. F. Love. \$2.
 Spenser, Edmund. Epithalamium. \$7.50.
 St. Nicholas Magazine. Nov. 1894-Oct. 1895. 2 vols. \$4.
 Stevenson, R. L. Child's Garden of Verses. \$1.50.
 Timlow, E. W. Cricket. \$1.
 Twelfth Annual Report of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor: 1894.
 Albany: James B. Lyon.
 Walford, L. B. Frederick. \$1.25.
 Walpole, G. H. S. Daily Teachings for the Christian Year. \$1.50.
 Winter, William. Gray Days and Gold. 25c.
 Wood-Martin, W. G. Pagan Ireland. \$1.
 Wuarin, Louis. Recent Political Experiments in the Swiss Democracy.
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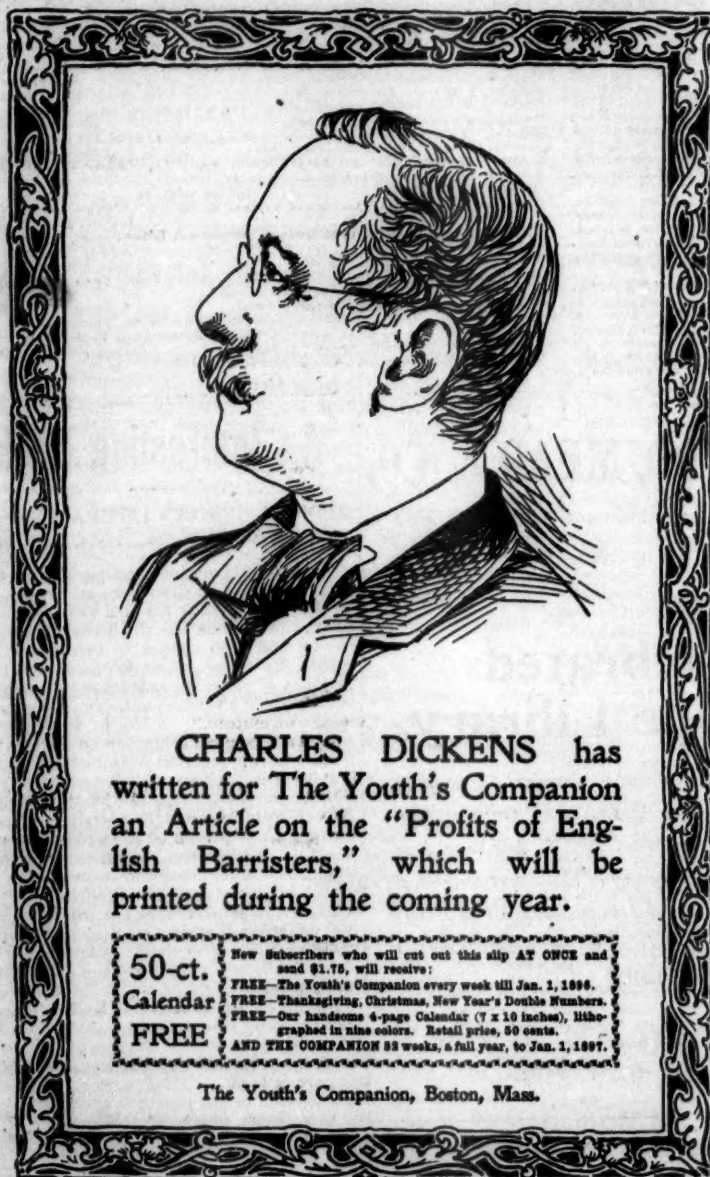
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